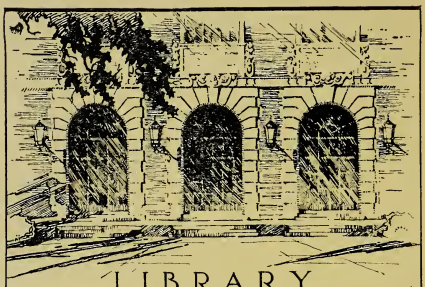

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MOMENTS WITH ART

MOMENTS WITH ART

R. E. & Lois C.
Hieronymus
Eureka
Ill.
With recollections
of the
Summer of 1906.

CHICAGO
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TO

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J. E. P. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.,
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MOMENTS WITH ART.

I.

THE world of art is an ideal world, —
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art.

LONGFELLOW.

II.

GOD sometimes granteth unto a man to learn and know how to make a thing, the like whereof in his day no other can contrive; and perhaps for a long time none hath been before him, and after him another cometh not soon.

ALBRECHT DÜRER.

III.

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

WORK thou for pleasure: paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.

Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

KENYON COX.

IV.

ART.

"Let art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall:
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
But art — a wider meaning. Worthless, dead —
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things —
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who breathes no soul into his lute
Falls short of art: 't were better he were mute.

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

V.

PAINTING is welcome.
Painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it.

SHAKESPEARE.

VI.

THE one thing you have to learn — the one power truly called that of "painting" — is to lay on any colored substance, whatever its consistence may be (from mortar to ether), at once, of the exact tint you want, in the exact form you want, and in the exact quantity you want. *That* is painting.

Now, you are well aware that to play on the violin well requires some practice. Painting is playing on a color-violin, seventy-times-seven stringed, and inventing your tune as you play it! That is the easy, simple, straightforward business you have to learn. The primary question of all is — *can* you *play?* Perfectly, you never can, but by birth-gift. The entirely first-rate musicians and painters are born, like Mercury; — their words are music, and their touch is gold: sound and color wait on them from their youth; and no practice will ever enable other human creatures to do anything like them.

JOHN RUSKIN.

VII.

MATER DOLOROSA.

(Painting in the Antwerp Museum.)

MOTHER of Sorrows! On your Virgin brow
The shade of Calvary seems falling now;
And from your heart a mother's tears uprise
To fill the fountains of your deathless eyes.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

VIII.

SPRING, BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

(In the Accademia of Florence.)

WHAT masque of what old wind-withered New Year
Honors this Lady?[1] Flora, wanton-eyed
For birth, and with all flowrets prankt and pied:
Aurora, Zephyrus, with mutual cheer
Of clasp and kiss: the Graces circling near,
'Neath bower-linked arch of white arms glorified:
And with those feathered feet which hovering glide
O'er Spring's brief bloom, Hermes the harbinger.

Birth-bare, not death-bare yet, the young stems stand,
This Lady's temple-columns: o'er her head
Love wings his shaft. What mystery here is read
Of homage and of hope? But how command
Dead Springs to answer? And how question here
These mummers of that wind-withered New Year?

D. G. ROSSETTI.

[1] The same lady, here surrounded by the masque of Spring, is evidently the subject of a portrait by Botticelli, formerly in the Pourtalès collection in Paris. This portrait is inscribed, "Smeralda Bandinelli."

IX.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

MARY, Mary! pure and holy,
Onward floating, onward soaring,
Heaven's effulgence round thee pouring.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Radiant with the mystic shining,
Angels languish for divining.

Mary, Mary! pure and holy,
In thine arms the Lord of Glory,
In thine heart the wondrous story.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Cherubs pausing to adore thee,
Lost in love and awe before thee!

Mary, Christus! pure and holy,
Shadowed eyes, O Love pathetic!
Starry eyes, O Light prophetic!

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Throbs the hush with music's swaying,
Human pain and grief allaying.

M. E. S.

X.

WHAT we most need is not so much to realize the ideal, as to idealize the real.

F. H. HEDGE.

XI.

VENUS OF THE LOUVRE.

DOWN the long hall she glistens like a star;
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.
Time's brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car, —
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

EMMA LAZARUS.

XII.

TO THE CHILD OF THE SISTINE MADONNA.

THROUGH all the mists of years,
One smiling baby face
Forever young appears,
Aglow with childish grace!

O questioning sweet eyes,
O head all golden brown,
Above thee softly lies
The shadow of a crown!

MARGARET DELAND.

XIII.

A DISCOURAGING MODEL.

JUST the airiest, fairiest slip of a thing,
With a Gainsborough hat, like a butterfly's wing,
Tilted up at one side with the jauntiest air,
And a knot of red roses sown in under there
Where the shadows are lost in her hair.

Then a cameo face, carven in on a ground
Of that shadowy hair where the roses are wound;
And the gleam of a smile O as fair and as faint
And as sweet as the masters of old used to paint
Round the lips of their favorite saint!

And that lace at her throat, and the fluttering hands
Snowing there, with a grace that no art understands,
The flakes of their touches — first fluttering at
The bow — then the roses — the hair — and then that
Little tilt of the Gainsborough hat.

O what artist on earth with a model like this,
Holding not on his palette the tint of a kiss,
Nor a pigment to hint of the hue of her hair,
Nor the gold of her smile — O what artist could dare
To expect a result half so fair?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*From Green Fields and Running Brooks: The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

XIV.

"I AM always at work," said a great artist, "and when an inspiration comes, I am ready to make the most of it." Inspiration rarely leaves such a man long unvisited. One looks at Turner's pictures with wonder in his heart. In this rushing, roaring, sooty London, with its leaden skies, its returning clouds and obscuring fogs, how were such dreams wooed and won? The painter's life answers the question. London had small share of Turner; he lived in a world of his own making, and the flush of its sky, the glory of its golden atmosphere, never wholly faded from his vision.

H. W. MABIE.

XV.

As to clever people hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVI.

A PICTURE is a poem without words.

HORACE.

XVII.

INDIVIDUALITY.

What the cloud doeth
The Lord knoweth,
The cloud knoweth not.
What the artist doeth,
The Lord knoweth;
Knoweth the artist not?

Well answered! O dear artists, ye —
Whether in forms of curve or hue
Or tone your gospels be —
Say wrong *This work is not of me,*
But God: it is not true, it is not true.

Awful is Art because 't is free.
The artist trembles o'er his plan,
Where men his Self must see.
Who made a song or picture, he
Did it, and not another, God nor man.

. . . . . .

SIDNEY LANIER.

(*From Poems of Sidney Lanier, copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

XVIII.

TO ART.

To Art we go as to a well, athirst,
And see our shadow 'gainst its mimic skies,
But in its depth must plunge and be immersed
To clasp the naiad Truth where low she lies.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XIX.

THE APOLLO, AND VENUS OF MEDICI.

ALL conquest-flushed, from prostrate Python, came
The quivered god. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow;
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly, softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet, heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixed with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.

. . . . . .

The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamoured, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.

JAMES THOMSON.

XX.

HUNT'S "Light of the World," is, I believe, the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXI.

A FACE.

If one could have that little head of hers
  Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
  No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
  In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
  Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's
Burthen of honey-colored buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:
But these are only massed there, I should think,
  Waiting to see some wonder momently
  Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
  (That's the pale ground you 'd see this sweet face by),
  All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

Robert Browning.

XXII.

It is the perfection of art to conceal art.

Ovid.

XXIII.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

THERE fell a vision to Praxiteles:
Watching through drowsy lids the loitering seas
That lay caressing with white arms of foam
The sleeping marge of his Ionian home,
He saw great Aphrodite standing near,
Knew her, at last, the Beautiful he had sought
With life-long passion, and in love and fear
Into unsullied stone the vision wrought.

Far other was the form that Cnidos gave
To senile Rome, no longer free or brave, —
The Medicean, naked like a slave.
The Cnidians built her shrine
Of creamy ivory fine;
Most costly was the floor
Of scented cedar, and from door
Was looped to carven door
Rich stuff of Tyrian purple, in whose shade
Her glistening shoulders and round limbs outshone,
Milk-white as lilies in a summer moon.
Here honey-hearted Greece to worship came,
And on her altar leaped a turbid flame,
The quickened blood ran dancing to its doom,
And lip sought trembling lip in that rich gloom.

But the island people of Cos, by the salt main
From Persia's touch kept clean,
Chose for their purer shrine amid the seas
That grander vision of Praxiteles.

Long ages after, sunken in the ground
Of sea-girt Melos, wondering shepherds found
The marred and dinted copy which men name
Venus of Milo, saved to endless fame.

Before the broken marble, on a day,
There came a worshiper: a slanted ray
Struck in across the dimness of her shrine
And touched her face as to a smile divine;
For it was like the worship of a Greek
At her old altar. Thus I heard him speak:—

Men call thee Love: is there no holier name
Than hers, the foam-born, laughter-loving dame?
Nay, for there is than love no holier name:
All words that pass the lips of mortal men
With inner and with outer meaning shine;
An outer gleam that meets the common ken,
An inner light that but the few divine.
Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
The wisdom, of whose deeps the sages dream;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;
The unheard music whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven.

Larger than mortal woman I see thee stand,
With beautiful head bent forward steadily,
As if those earnest eyes could see

Some glorious thing far off, to which thy hand
Invisibly stretched onward seems to be.
From thy white forehead's breadth of calm, the hair
Sweeps lightly, as a cloud in windless air.
Placid thy brows, as that still line at dawn
Where the dim hills along the sky are drawn,
When the last stars are drowned in deeps afar.
Thy quiet mouth — I know not if it smile,
Or if in some wise pity thou wilt weep, —
Little as one may tell, some summer morn,
Whether the dreamy brightness is most glad,
Or wonderfully sad, —
So bright, so still thy lips serenely sleep;
So fixedly thine earnest eyes the while,
As clear and steady as the morning star,
Their gaze upon that coming glory keep.

Thy garment's fallen folds
Leave beautiful the fair, round breast
In sacred loveliness; the bosom deep
Where happy babe might sleep;
The ample waist no narrowing girdle holds,
Where daughters slim might come to cling and rest,
Like tendriled vines against the plane-tree pressed.
Around thy firm, large limbs and steady feet
The robes slope downward, as the folded hills
Slope round the mountain's knees, when shadow fills

The hollow cañons, and the wind is sweet
From russet oat-fields and the ripening wheat.

From our low world no gods have taken wing;
Even now upon our hills the twain are wandering;
The Medicean's sly and servile grace,
And the immortal beauty of thy face.
One is the spirit of all short-lived love
And outward, earthly loveliness:
The tremulous rosy morn is her mouth's smile,
The sky her laughing azure eyes above;
And, waiting for caress,
Lie bare the soft hill-slopes, the while
Her thrilling voice is heard
In song of wind and wave, and every flitting bird.
Not plainly, never quite herself she shows;
Just a swift glance of her illumined smile
Along the landscape goes;
Just a soft hint of singing, to beguile
A man from all his toil;
Some vanished gleam of beckoning arm, to spoil
A morning's task with longing wild and vain.
Then if across the parching plain
He seek her, she with passion burns
His heart to fever, and he hears
The west wind's mocking laughter when he turns,
Shivering in mist of ocean's sullen tears.

It is the Medicean: well I know
The arts her ancient subtlety will show;
The stubble-field she turns to ruddy gold;
The empty distance she will fold
In purple gauze: the warm glow she has kissed
Along the chilling mist:
Cheating and cheated love that grows to hate
And ever deeper loathing, soon or late.

Thou too, O fairer spirit, walkest here
Upon the lifted hills:
Wherever that still thought within the breast
The inner beauty of the world hath moved;
In starlight that the dome of evening fills;
On endless waters rounding to the west:
For them who thro' that beauty's veil have loved
The soul of all things beautiful the best.
For lying broad awake, long ere the dawn,
Staring against the dark, the blank of space
Opens immeasurably, and thy face
Wavers and glimmers there and is withdrawn.
And many days, when all one's work is vain,
And life goes stretching on, a waste gray plain,
With even the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh
Where a weary man might lay him down and die,
Lo! thou art there before me suddenly,
With shade as if a summer cloud did pass,
And spray of fountains whispering to the grass.
Oh, save me from the haste and noise and heat
That spoil life's music sweet:
And from that lesser Aphrodite there —

Even now she stands
Close as I turn, and, O my soul, how fair!
Nay, I will heed not thy white beckoning hands,
Nor thy soft lips like the curled inner leaf
In a rosebud's breast, kissed languid by the sun,
Nor eyes like liquid gleams where waters run.
Yea, thou art beautiful as morn;
And even as I draw nigh
To scoff, I own the loveliness I scorn.
Farewell, for thou hast lost me: keep thy train
Of worshipers; me thou dost lure in vain:
The inner passion, pure as very fire,
Burns to light ash the earthlier desire.

O greater Aphrodite, unto thee
Let me not say farewell. What would Earth be
Without thy presence? Surely unto me
A life-long weariness, a dull, bad dream.
Abide with me, and let thy calm brows beam
Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn.
Then, tho' I see along the glooming plain
The Medicean's waving hand again,
And white feet glimmering in the harvest-field,
I shall not turn, nor yield;
But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre
Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,
Unto the yearning of the world's desire
I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,

That other footsteps are upon the hills;
Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore,
That shines upon thy forehead evermore.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

XXIV.

RECOGNITION.

AN artist feels the genius where
A critic cries,
"Only the hinted beauty of a fair
Conception marred beyond repair,
That truth belies."

To him whose heart has borne the strain
Of hope and fear,
His own swift visions to retain
Beyond a semblance of disdain,
All work is dear.

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

XXV.

PERFECTION.

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore
The vision, is the artist's best delight;
His bitterest pang, that he can ne'er do more
Than keep her long'd-for loveliness in sight.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XXVI.

ON A HEAD OF CHRIST, BY QUINTIN MATSYS.

(Fifteenth Century.)

A GRIEVING face, adown whose hollow cheek
The bright tears fall from tender, mournful eyes;
Eyes, sad with never finding what they seek,
Lips, curved by many weary, wasting sighs.

The tear-drops glisten — frail they seem and slight,
As though a breath would sweep them into air;
And yet four hundred years of day and night
Have passed since first the painter formed them there.

How strange that they should last, those painted tears,
While kingdoms perish, nations fall and rise;
Strange that through all the stormy rush of years
They lie unchanged in those sad, grieving eyes.

Does He yet mourn? The world from Him enticed
Wanders afar, and will not walk His way.
O patient One! O weary, watching Christ,
Are the tears wet upon Thy face to-day?

BESSIE CHANDLER PARKER.

XXVII.

ANTHONY OF PADUA.

(Murillo.)

THIS story with its simple rhyme,
This picture by a hand sublime,
Spring from a legend in the time
Of Anthony of Padua.

Some doubt had cast its shadows strong
Upon the Saint, who well and long
Fought manfully to right this wrong —
Fought day and night in Padua.

Till in his arms, so it is told,
The Saint did his dear Lord enfold,
And there appeared a light like gold
From out the skies of Padua.

"O Christ Child, art Thou come to me!
With wonder sweet I welcome Thee.
O Christ Child, can this wonder be!"
Cried Anthony of Padua.

"I thank Thee, Blessed One, for this.
Forgive what I have done amiss!
And let me greet Thee with a kiss,
Thou Dear One, come to Padua!"

"To him who struggles with his might
Our Lord has promised to bring light
And glory, as of lilies white,"
The angels sang in Padua.

HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

XXVIII.

AN IVORY MINIATURE.

When State Street homes were stately still;
When out of town was Murray Hill;
In late-deceased "old times"
Of vast, embowering bonnet-shapes,
And creamy-crinkled Canton crapes,
And florid annual-rhymes,

He owned a small suburban seat
Where now you see a modern street,
A monochrome of brown;
The sad "brown-brown" of Dante's dreams,
A twilight turned to stone, that seems
To weight our city down.

Through leafy chestnuts whitely showed
The pillared front of his abode:
A garden girt it 'round,
Where pungent box did trim enclose
The marigold and cabbage-rose,
And "pi'ny" heavy-crowned.

Yea, whatso sweets, the changing year's,
He most affected. Gone, but here 's
His face who loved them so.
Old eyes like sherry, warm and mild;
A cheek clear-hued as cheek of child;
Sleek head, a sphere of snow.

His mouth was pious, and his nose
Patrician; with which mould there goes
A disaffected view.
In those sublime, be-oratored,
Spread-eagle days, his soul deplored
So *much* red-white-and-blue!

In umber ink, with S's long,
He left behind him censure strong
In stiffest phrases clothed;
But Time — a pleasant jest enough! —
Has turned the tory leaves to buff,
The liberal hue he loathed.

Of many a gentle deed he made
Brief simple record. Never fade
Those everlasting-flowers
That spring up wild by good men's walks;
Opinions wither on their stalks,
And sere grow Fashion's bowers.

Erect, be-frilled, in neckcloth tall,
His semblance sits, removed from all
Our needs and noises new;
Released from all the rent we pay
As tenants of the large To-day,
Cool, in a background blue.

And he, beneath a cherub chipped,
Plump, squamous-pinioned, pouting-lipped,
Sleeps calm where Trinity
Points finger dark to clouds that fleet;
A warning, seen from surging street,
A welcome, seen from sea.

There fall, ghosts glorified of tears
Shed for the dead in buried years,
The silver notes of chimes;
And there, with not unreverent hand
Though light, I lay this "greene garlànd,"
This woven wreath of rhymes.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

XXIX.

OF all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay color and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay. All good color is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXX.

ARCHITECTURE is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXXI.

GENIUS is nothing but a great capacity for patience.

BUFFON.

XXXII.

NATURE is the art of God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

XXXIII.

PÆSTUM.

Two thousand years these temples have been old,
Yet were they not more lovely the first day
When o'er yon hills the young light blushed and lay
Along these tapering columns, and eve's gold
Over the Tyrrhene sea in glory rolled.
By power of truth, by beauty's royal sway,
While men and creeds and kingdoms pass away,
Their gift to charm and awe they calmly hold.
Beauty and truth! by that high grace divine
They force the tribute of the vassal years.
Clouds gloom; the blue wave dimples; the stars shine,
To make them fairer; even Time, that tears
And shames all other things, here can but bless
And beautify this crumbling loveliness.

JOHN HAY.

XXXIV.

THORWALDSEN.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied.
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain-side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

T. B. ALDRICH.

XXXV.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

WHAT made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?
'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan agony;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel

Who struck, in heat, his child he loved so well,
And his child's reason flicker'd, and did die.
Painted (he will'd it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.

Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand!
The little fair-hair'd son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are!

Methinks the woe which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days,
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XXXVI.

AN artist is — and recollect this definition (put in capitals for quick reference), — A PERSON WHO HAS SUBMITTED TO A LAW WHICH IT WAS PAINFUL TO OBEY, THAT HE MAY BESTOW A DELIGHT WHICH IT IS GRACIOUS TO BESTOW.

RUSKIN.

XXXVII.

TITIAN'S STUDIO.

(A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it. Titian, Michael Angelo, and Vasari.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome,
That one might walk barefooted here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.
. . . . . .
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

VASARI.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — "The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

. . . . . .

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from High Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.

. . . . . .

And thus the works of every artist show
Something of his surroundings and his habits.
The uttermost that can be reached by color
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
Mingle together. Never yet was flesh
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
With such divine perfection. . . .
Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
Fascinates me the more that in myself
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

VASARI.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
To put a question to you. . . .
Which is the greater of the sister arts,
Painting or sculpture? Solve for me the doubt.

. . . . . .

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Georgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as the best

Which most resembles sculpture. Here before
us
We have the proof. Behold these rounded
limbs!
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

. . . . . .

And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

VASARI.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *to* VASARI, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

XXXVIII.

EVEN in portraits, the grace — and, we may add, the likeness — consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

XXXIX.

COROT'S ORPHEUS.

SWEET dove of dawn with silver breast,
Seen dimly through the fleeting shade,
Drugged with her warm and dreamless rest,
The earth scarce wakes ere thou dost fade.

Color unborn in herb or tree,
Floats dimly on the silent air,
And beauty, fluent still and free,
A spirit breathing everywhere.

Vast depths of space that seem to thrill
And tremble with the coming day,
That mystic moment prayerful still,
Ere gold has flooded all the gray.

High mottled clouds upon the edge
Have caught a little quivering beam,
No dewdrop shining on the hedge,
No light upon the hidden stream.

But all the landscape drenched with dew,
And freshness stealing from the founts;
Bright beams that pierce the tree-tops through,
While in the east a glory mounts.

Stealthy the breath from herb and flower
Creeps now through dripping leaves and grass,
To pay sweet tribute to the hour,
And freeze the breezes as they pass.

The god comes forth to greet the light,
  Dilating with the breath of song,
And like a swallow in its flight
  By inspiration borne along.

He grasps the lyre with careless hand,
  Forgetful of its charmèd strings;
One moment ere their tones expand,
  The voiceless spirit soars and sings.

Sacred as truth these hues and lines,
  Religious as a minster aisle;
When reverence thy soul inclines,
  Come gaze and lose thyself the while.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

XL.

MEISSONIER.

WATCHING your precious work, we vainly guess
  What miracle creates as potent fact
Such height in brevity, width in narrowness,
  And liberal vigor wed with cunning tact.

Your virile patience that no toil can crush,
  The more we muse upon we prize the more,
O Liliput Angelo, whose wizard brush
  Could paint a battle upon a *louis d'or!*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

XLI.

ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

XLII.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROOF OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

"A mount of marble, a hundred spires."

THE long, long night of utter loneliness,
Of conflict, pain, defeat, and sore distress,
Hath vanished; and I stand as one whose life
Wages with death a scarcely winning strife,
Here, on this mount of marble. Like a sea
Waveless and blue, the sky's transparency
Bathes spire and statue. Was it man or God
Who built these domes, whereon the feet have trod
Of eve and night and morn with rose and gold
And silver and strange symbols manifold
Of shadow? Fabric not of stone but mist
Or pearl or cloud beneath heaven's amethyst
Glitters the marvel: cloud congealed to shine
Through centuries with lustre crystalline;
Pearl spiked and fretted like an Orient shell;
Mist on the frozen fern-wreaths of a well.
Not God's but man's work this: God's yonder fane,
Reared on the distant limit of the plain,
From azure into azure, to blue sky
Shooting from vapors blue that folded lie
Round valley-basements, robed in royal snow,
Wherefrom life-giving waters leaping flow,
Aerial Monte Rosa! — God and man
Confront each other, with this narrow span

Of plain to part them, try what each can do
To make applauding Seraphs from the blue
Lean marvel-smitten, or alight with song
Upon the glittering peaks, or clustering throng
The spacious pathways. God on man's work here
Hath set His signature and symbol clear;
Man's soul that thinks and feels, to God's work there
Gives life, which else were cold and dumb and bare.
God is man's soul; man's soul a spark of God:
By God in man the dull, terrestrial clod
Becomes a thing of beauty; thinking man
Through God made manifest, outrival can
His handiwork of nature. Do we dream
Mingling reality with things that seem?
Or is it true that God and man appear
One soul in sentient art self-conscious here,
One soul o'er senseless nature stair by stair
Raised to create by comprehending there?

J. Addington Symonds.

XLIII.

Artists are of three classes: those who perceive and pursue the good, and leave the evil; those who perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is; and those who perceive and pursue the evil and leave the good.

John Ruskin.

XLIV.

THE MADONNA.

. . . . . .

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast,
"What does she see?" he whispered; "can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no!" she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

. . . . . .

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

XLV.

AFTER TENIERS.

A QUIET curve of sombre brown water,
Flecked with duck-weed and dotted with leaves;
A low brick cottage, where shadows nestle
'Neath velvet edges of well-thatched eaves.

In front a space, with its gaudy dahlias,
And solid shade of the branching lime,
Where, soberly gay, two boors are drinking
In the deep'ning gloom of the evening time.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

XLVI.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

. . . . . .

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

Henry W. Longfellow.

XLVII.

ART MAXIMS.

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that 's cheapest
Affects singularity.
Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in clarity.

. . . . . .

No record Art keeps
Of her travail and throes.
There is toil on the steeps,—
On the summits, repose.

William Watson.

XLVIII.

A COPY.

I WALKED a gallery of famous names
And famous fancies, framed in lines of gold, —
The paintings that a world has reckoned good, —
And saw, before a canvas that did limn
Some mythic story with a wondrous grace
(For Rubens was the painter, I recall),
An old, bent man whose long and silvered locks
Swept down his shoulders, and whose trembling hand
Moved steadier as it grasped the brush, wherewith
He sketched a copy of the masterpiece;
His easel just aside, that no offence
Of barring sight from those who came to gaze
At Rubens' work might be imputed his.
Straightway the wall, with all its freight of tales
In colors told, grew blurred before mine eyes,
And lost its old allurement; for I could
See nothing but the patient plodder there,
Whom death might overtake, and find undone
Full half the figures he must fitly draw
To all-complete the picture, let alone
The laying on of oils to give it life;
And who, undaunted, calm, and happy-eyed,
Did sit and sketch, and leave the rest to God.
Without the hope of making earthly fame,
Yet cheered, perchance, in knowing that his art
Would have eternity to ripen in,
Until he blent his soul with Rubens' own.

RICHARD BURTON.

XLIX.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

(Florence, 15—.)

I COULD have painted pictures like that youth's
Ye praise so. How my soul springs up! No bar
Stayed me — ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
— Never did fate forbid me, star by star,
To outburst on your night, with all my gift
Of fires from God: nor would my flesh have shrunk
From seconding my soul, with eyes uplift
And wide to heaven, or straight like thunder, sunk
To the centre, of an instant; or around
Turned calmly or inquisitive, to scan
The license and the limit, space and bound,
Allowed to truth made visible in man.
And, like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,
Over the canvas could my hand have flung,
Each face obedient to its passion's law,
Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue:
Whether Hope rose at once in all the blood,
A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,
Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when her brood
Pull down the nesting dove's heart to its place;
Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,
And locked the mouth fast, like a castle braved, —

O human faces! hath it split, my cup?
What did ye give me that I have not saved?
Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)
Of going — I, in each new picture, — forth,
As, making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,
To Pope, or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North,
Bound for the calmly satisfied great State,
Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the freight,
Through old streets named afresh from the event,
Till it reached home, where learned age should greet
My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet! —
Oh! thus to live, I and my picture, linked
With love about, and praise, till life should end,
And then not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend,
The thought grew frightful, 't was so wildly dear!
But a voice changed it. Glimpses of such sights
Have scared me, like the revels through a door
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!
This world seemed not the world it was, before:
Mixed with my loving trusting ones, there trooped

. . . Who summoned those cold faces that begun
To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped
Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,
They drew me forth, and spite of me . . . enough!
These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household-stuff,
And where they live needs must our pictures live
And see their faces, listen to their prate,
Partakers of their daily pettiness,
Discussed of, — "This I love, or this I hate,
This likes me more, and this affects me less!"
Wherefore I chose my portion. If at whiles
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and Saint,
With the same cold calm beautiful regard, —
At least no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart:
Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine
While, blackening in the daily candle-smoke,
They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.
So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!
O youth! men praise so, — holds their praise its worth?

Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?

ROBERT BROWNING.

L.

ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH, BY B. R. HAYDON.

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist:
No portrait this, with Academic air!
This is the poet and his poetry.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LI.

THE Greek in nature saw his gods half-hidden lurk;
And copying nature, wrought his gods into his work.

W. W. STORY.

LII.

THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING A PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOR.

I WOULD I were that portly gentleman,
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlor! for, whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him converge the sunbeams of her eyes,
And he unblamed may gaze upon MY FAIR,
And oft MY FAIR his favored form surveys.
Oh, HAPPY PICTURE, still on HER to gaze!
I envy him; and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the strong glance of those divinest charms
WARM HIM TO LIFE, as in the ancient days,
When MARBLE MELTED in Pygmalion's arms.
I would I were that portly gentleman,
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LIII.

I SAY that the art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means, whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received. If this then be the definition of great art, that of a great artist naturally follows. He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LIV.

THE ASCENDING MAGDALEN, BY RIBERA.

FORGIVEN woman, spirit unafraid
Borne upward by child angels to the throne,
Nearing the presence of thy Lord alone,
Humanly outcast, neither wed nor maid,
But with thy soul's soul pure, although the shade
Of anguish past is in thy eyes, the moan
Of sorrow stilled upon thy lips, its tone
Piercing the breast as 't were grief unallayed.

Yet is thy ragged garment royal dress,
And in the Lamb's blood is thy mantle dyed
From the deep heart of slain and risen Love.
Thy hair a halo is — each holy tress
That wiped thy Master's feet a sign above
All pardoning words thou shalt in peace abide!

MINNA C. SMITH.

LV.

THE OLD PICTURE-DEALER.

THE second landing-place. Above,
Sun-pictures for a shilling each.
Below, a haunt that Teutons love, —
Beer, smoke and pretzels all in reach.
Between the two, a mouldy nook
Where loungers hunt for things of worth —
Engraving, curio, or book —
Here drifted from all over Earth.

Be the day's traffic more or less,
  Old Brian seeks his Leyden chair
Placed in the ante-room's recess,
  Our connoisseur's securest lair:
Here, turning full the burner's rays,
  Holds long his treasure-trove in sight,—
Upon a painting sets his gaze
  Like some devoted eremite.

The book-worms rummage as they will,
  Loud roars the wonted Broadway din,
Life runs its hackneyed round,— but still
  One tireless boon can Brian win,—
Can picture in this modern time
  A life no more the world shall know,
And dream of Beauty at her prime
  In Parma, with Correggio.

Withered the dealer's face, and old,
  But wearing yet the first surprise
Of him whose eyes the light behold
  Of Italy and Paradise:
Forever blest, forever young,
  The rapt Madonna poises there,
Her praise by hovering cherubs sung,
  Her robes by ether buoyed, not air.

See from the graybeard's meerschaum float
  A cloud of incense! Day or night,
He needs must steal apart to note
  Her grace, her consecrating light.

With less ecstatic worship lay,
  Before his marble goddess prone,
The crippled poet, that last day
  When in the Louvre he made his moan.

Warm grows the radiant masterpiece,
  The sweetness of Correggio!
The visionary hues increase,
  Angelic lustres come and go;
And still, as still in Parma too, —
  In Rome, Bologna, Florence, all, —
Goes on the outer world's ado,
  Life's transitory, harsh recall.

A real Correggio? And here!
  Yes, to the one impassioned heart,
Transfiguring all, the strokes appear
  That mark the perfect master's art.
You question of the proof? You owe
  More faith to fact than fancy? Hush!
Look with expectant eyes, and know,
  With him, the hand that held the brush!

The same wild thought that warmed from stone
  The Venus of the monkish Gest,
The image of Pygmalion,
  Here finds Correggio confest.
And Art requires its votary:
  The Queen of Heaven herself may pine
When these quaint rooms no longer see
  The one that knew her all divine.

Ah me! ah me, for centuries veiled!
(The desolate Virgin then may say,)
Once more my rainbow tints are paled
With that unquestioning soul away —
Whose faith compelled the sun, the stars,
To yield their halos for my sake,
And saw through Time's obscuring bars
The Parmese master's glory break!

E. C. STEDMAN.

LVI.

TITIAN'S ASSUMPTION.

BURST is the iron gate!
And, from the night of fate;
Out of the darkness and the gloom abhorred;
Amidst the choral hymn,
With cloud and cherubim,
The Virgin leaves the tomb, — arisen like her Lord!

Free in the heavens she soars,
While the clear radiance pours,
Like a vast glory, round her upward face;
And higher still and higher,
With the angelic choir,
The soul by grace regained, regains the realms of grace.

In mortal shape! and yet,
Upon her brow is set,
The new celestial glory like a crown;

XIV.

"I AM always at work," said a great artist, "and when an inspiration comes, I am ready to make the most of it." Inspiration rarely leaves such a man long unvisited. One looks at Turner's pictures with wonder in his heart. In this rushing, roaring, sooty London, with its leaden skies, its returning clouds and obscuring fogs, how were such dreams wooed and won? The painter's life answers the question. London had small share of Turner; he lived in a world of his own making, and the flush of its sky, the glory of its golden atmosphere, never wholly faded from his vision.

H. W. MABIE.

XV.

As to clever people hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVI.

A PICTURE is a poem without words.

HORACE.

XVII.

INDIVIDUALITY.

What the cloud doeth
The Lord knoweth,
The cloud knoweth not.
What the artist doeth,
The Lord knoweth;
Knoweth the artist not?

Well answered! O dear artists, ye —
Whether in forms of curve or hue
Or tone your gospels be —
Say wrong *This work is not of me,*
But God: it is not true, it is not true.

Awful is Art because 't is free.
The artist trembles o'er his plan,
Where men his Self must see.
Who made a song or picture, he
Did it, and not another, God nor man.

. . . . . .

SIDNEY LANIER.

(*From Poems of Sidney Lanier, copyright*, 1884, 1891, *by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

XVIII.

TO ART.

To Art we go as to a well, athirst,
And see our shadow 'gainst its mimic skies,
But in its depth must plunge and be immersed
To clasp the naiad Truth where low she lies.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XIX.

THE APOLLO, AND VENUS OF MEDICI.

ALL conquest-flushed, from prostrate Python, came
The quivered god. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow;
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly, softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet, heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixed with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.

. . . . . .

The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamoured, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.

JAMES THOMSON.

XX.

HUNT'S "Light of the World," is, I believe, the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXI.

A FACE.

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's
Burthen of honey-colored buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:
But these are only massed there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That 's the pale ground you 'd see this sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

Robert Browning.

XXII.

It is the perfection of art to conceal art.

Ovid.

XXIII.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

THERE fell a vision to Praxiteles:
Watching through drowsy lids the loitering seas
That lay caressing with white arms of foam
The sleeping marge of his Ionian home,
He saw great Aphrodite standing near,
Knew her, at last, the Beautiful he had sought
With life-long passion, and in love and fear
Into unsullied stone the vision wrought.

Far other was the form that Cnidos gave
To senile Rome, no longer free or brave, —
The Medicean, naked like a slave.
The Cnidians built her shrine
Of creamy ivory fine;
Most costly was the floor
Of scented cedar, and from door
Was looped to carven door
Rich stuff of Tyrian purple, in whose shade
Her glistening shoulders and round limbs outshone,
Milk-white as lilies in a summer moon.
Here honey-hearted Greece to worship came,
And on her altar leaped a turbid flame,
The quickened blood ran dancing to its doom,
And lip sought trembling lip in that rich gloom.

But the island people of Cos, by the salt main
From Persia's touch kept clean,
Chose for their purer shrine amid the seas
That grander vision of Praxiteles.

Long ages after, sunken in the ground
Of sea-girt Melos, wondering shepherds found
The marred and dinted copy which men name
Venus of Milo, saved to endless fame.

Before the broken marble, on a day,
There came a worshiper: a slanted ray
Struck in across the dimness of her shrine
And touched her face as to a smile divine;
For it was like the worship of a Greek
At her old altar. Thus I heard him speak:—

Men call thee Love: is there no holier name
Than hers, the foam-born, laughter-loving dame?
Nay, for there is than love no holier name:
All words that pass the lips of mortal men
With inner and with outer meaning shine;
An outer gleam that meets the common ken,
An inner light that but the few divine.
Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
The wisdom, of whose deeps the sages dream;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;
The unheard music whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven.

Larger than mortal woman I see thee stand,
With beautiful head bent forward steadily,
As if those earnest eyes could see

Some glorious thing far off, to which thy hand
Invisibly stretched onward seems to be.
From thy white forehead's breadth of calm, the hair
Sweeps lightly, as a cloud in windless air.
Placid thy brows, as that still line at dawn
Where the dim hills along the sky are drawn,
When the last stars are drowned in deeps afar.
Thy quiet mouth — I know not if it smile,
Or if in some wise pity thou wilt weep, —
Little as one may tell, some summer morn,
Whether the dreamy brightness is most glad,
Or wonderfully sad, —
So bright, so still thy lips serenely sleep;
So fixedly thine earnest eyes the while,
As clear and steady as the morning star,
Their gaze upon that coming glory keep.

Thy garment's fallen folds
Leave beautiful the fair, round breast
In sacred loveliness; the bosom deep
Where happy babe might sleep;
The ample waist no narrowing girdle holds,
Where daughters slim might come to cling and rest,
Like tendriled vines against the plane-tree pressed.
Around thy firm, large limbs and steady feet
The robes slope downward, as the folded hills
Slope round the mountain's knees, when shadow fills

The hollow cañons, and the wind is sweet
From russet oat-fields and the ripening wheat.

From our low world no gods have taken wing;
Even now upon our hills the twain are wandering;
The Medicean's sly and servile grace,
And the immortal beauty of thy face.
One is the spirit of all short-lived love
And outward, earthly loveliness:
The tremulous rosy morn is her mouth's smile,
The sky her laughing azure eyes above;
And, waiting for caress,
Lie bare the soft hill-slopes, the while
Her thrilling voice is heard
In song of wind and wave, and every flitting bird.
Not plainly, never quite herself she shows;
Just a swift glance of her illumined smile
Along the landscape goes;
Just a soft hint of singing, to beguile
A man from all his toil;
Some vanished gleam of beckoning arm, to spoil
A morning's task with longing wild and vain.
Then if across the parching plain
He seek her, she with passion burns
His heart to fever, and he hears
The west wind's mocking laughter when he turns,
Shivering in mist of ocean's sullen tears.

It is the Medicean: well I know
The arts her ancient subtlety will show;
The stubble-field she turns to ruddy gold;
The empty distance she will fold
In purple gauze: the warm glow she has kissed
Along the chilling mist:
Cheating and cheated love that grows to hate
And ever deeper loathing, soon or late.

Thou too, O fairer spirit, walkest here
Upon the lifted hills:
Wherever that still thought within the breast
The inner beauty of the world hath moved;
In starlight that the dome of evening fills;
On endless waters rounding to the west:
For them who thro' that beauty's veil have loved
The soul of all things beautiful the best.
For lying broad awake, long ere the dawn,
Staring against the dark, the blank of space
Opens immeasurably, and thy face
Wavers and glimmers there and is withdrawn.
And many days, when all one's work is vain,
And life goes stretching on, a waste gray plain,
With even the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh
Where a weary man might lay him down and die,
Lo! thou art there before me suddenly,
With shade as if a summer cloud did pass,
And spray of fountains whispering to the grass.
Oh, save me from the haste and noise and heat
That spoil life's music sweet:
And from that lesser Aphrodite there —

Even now she stands
Close as I turn, and, O my soul, how fair!
Nay, I will heed not thy white beckoning hands,
Nor thy soft lips like the curled inner leaf
In a rosebud's breast, kissed languid by the sun,
Nor eyes like liquid gleams where waters run.
Yea, thou art beautiful as morn;
And even as I draw nigh
To scoff, I own the loveliness I scorn.
Farewell, for thou hast lost me: keep thy train
Of worshipers; me thou dost lure in vain:
The inner passion, pure as very fire,
Burns to light ash the earthlier desire.

O greater Aphrodite, unto thee
Let me not say farewell. What would Earth be
Without thy presence? Surely unto me
A life-long weariness, a dull, bad dream.
Abide with me, and let thy calm brows beam
Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn.
Then, tho' I see along the glooming plain
The Medicean's waving hand again,
And white feet glimmering in the harvest-field,
I shall not turn, nor yield;
But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre
Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,
Unto the yearning of the world's desire
I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,

That other footsteps are upon the hills;
Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore,
That shines upon thy forehead evermore.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

XXIV.

RECOGNITION.

AN artist feels the genius where
A critic cries,
"Only the hinted beauty of a fair
Conception marred beyond repair,
That truth belies."

To him whose heart has borne the strain
Of hope and fear,
His own swift visions to retain
Beyond a semblance of disdain,
All work is dear.

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

XXV.

PERFECTION.

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore
The vision, is the artist's best delight;
His bitterest pang, that he can ne'er do more
Than keep her long'd-for loveliness in sight.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XXVI.

ON A HEAD OF CHRIST, BY QUINTIN MATSYS.

(Fifteenth Century.)

A GRIEVING face, adown whose hollow cheek
The bright tears fall from tender, mournful eyes;
Eyes, sad with never finding what they seek,
Lips, curved by many weary, wasting sighs.

The tear-drops glisten — frail they seem and slight,
As though a breath would sweep them into air;
And yet four hundred years of day and night
Have passed since first the painter formed them there.

How strange that they should last, those painted tears,
While kingdoms perish, nations fall and rise;
Strange that through all the stormy rush of years
They lie unchanged in those sad, grieving eyes.

Does He yet mourn? The world from Him enticed
Wanders afar, and will not walk His way.
O patient One! O weary, watching Christ,
Are the tears wet upon Thy face to-day?

BESSIE CHANDLER PARKER.

XXVII.

ANTHONY OF PADUA.

(Murillo.)

THIS story with its simple rhyme,
This picture by a hand sublime,
Spring from a legend in the time
Of Anthony of Padua.

Some doubt had cast its shadows strong
Upon the Saint, who well and long
Fought manfully to right this wrong—
Fought day and night in Padua.

Till in his arms, so it is told,
The Saint did his dear Lord enfold,
And there appeared a light like gold
From out the skies of Padua.

"O Christ Child, art Thou come to me!
With wonder sweet I welcome Thee.
O Christ Child, can this wonder be!"
Cried Anthony of Padua.

"I thank Thee, Blessed One, for this.
Forgive what I have done amiss!
And let me greet Thee with a kiss,
Thou Dear One, come to Padua!"

"To him who struggles with his might
Our Lord has promised to bring light
And glory, as of lilies white,"
The angels sang in Padua.

HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

XXVIII.

AN IVORY MINIATURE.

When State Street homes were stately still;
When out of town was Murray Hill;
In late-deceased "old times"
Of vast, embowering bonnet-shapes,
And creamy-crinkled Canton crapes,
And florid annual-rhymes,

He owned a small suburban seat
Where now you see a modern street,
A monochrome of brown;
The sad "brown-brown" of Dante's dreams,
A twilight turned to stone, that seems
To weight our city down.

Through leafy chestnuts whitely showed
The pillared front of his abode:
A garden girt it 'round,
Where pungent box did trim enclose
The marigold and cabbage-rose,
And "pi'ny" heavy-crowned.

Yea, whatso sweets, the changing year's,
He most affected. Gone, but here 's
His face who loved them so.
Old eyes like sherry, warm and mild;
A cheek clear-hued as cheek of child;
Sleek head, a sphere of snow.

His mouth was pious, and his nose
Patrician; with which mould there goes
A disaffected view.
In those sublime, be-oratored,
Spread-eagle days, his soul deplored
So *much* red-white-and-blue!

In umber ink, with S's long,
He left behind him censure strong
In stiffest phrases clothed;
But Time — a pleasant jest enough! —
Has turned the tory leaves to buff,
The liberal hue he loathed.

Of many a gentle deed he made
Brief simple record. Never fade
Those everlasting-flowers
That spring up wild by good men's walks;
Opinions wither on their stalks,
And sere grow Fashion's bowers.

Erect, be-frilled, in neckcloth tall,
His semblance sits, removed from all
Our needs and noises new;
Released from all the rent we pay
As tenants of the large To-day,
Cool, in a background blue.

And he, beneath a cherub chipped,
Plump, squamous-pinioned, pouting-lipped,
Sleeps calm where Trinity
Points finger dark to clouds that fleet;
A warning, seen from surging street,
A welcome, seen from sea.

There fall, ghosts glorified of tears
Shed for the dead in buried years,
The silver notes of chimes;
And there, with not unreverent hand
Though light, I lay this "greene garlànd,"
This woven wreath of rhymes.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

XXIX.

OF all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay color and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay. All good color is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXX.

ARCHITECTURE is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure.

JOHN RUSKIN.

XXXI.

GENIUS is nothing but a great capacity for patience.

BUFFON.

XXXII.

NATURE is the art of God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

XXXIII.

PÆSTUM.

Two thousand years these temples have been old,
Yet were they not more lovely the first day
When o'er yon hills the young light blushed and lay
Along these tapering columns, and eve's gold
Over the Tyrrhene sea in glory rolled.
By power of truth, by beauty's royal sway,
While men and creeds and kingdoms pass away,
Their gift to charm and awe they calmly hold.
Beauty and truth! by that high grace divine
They force the tribute of the vassal years.
Clouds gloom; the blue wave dimples; the stars shine,
To make them fairer; even Time, that tears
And shames all other things, here can but bless
And beautify this crumbling loveliness.

JOHN HAY.

XXXIV.

THORWALDSEN.

WE often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied.
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain-side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

T. B. ALDRICH.

XXXV.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

WHAT made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?
'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan agony;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel

Who struck, in heat, his child he loved so well,
And his child's reason flicker'd, and did die.
Painted (he will'd it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.

Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand!
The little fair-hair'd son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are!

Methinks the woe which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days,
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XXXVI.

AN artist is — and recollect this definition (put in capitals for quick reference), — A PERSON WHO HAS SUBMITTED TO A LAW WHICH IT WAS PAINFUL TO OBEY, THAT HE MAY BESTOW A DELIGHT WHICH IT IS GRACIOUS TO BESTOW.

RUSKIN.

XXXVII.

TITIAN'S STUDIO.

(A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it. Titian, Michael Angelo, and Vasari.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome,
That one might walk barefooted here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.

. . . . . .

Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

VASARI.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — "The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

. . . . . .

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from High Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.

. . . . . .

And thus the works of every artist show
Something of his surroundings and his habits.
The uttermost that can be reached by color
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
Mingle together. Never yet was flesh
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
With such divine perfection. . . .
Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
Fascinates me the more that in myself
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

VASARI.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
To put a question to you. . . .
Which is the greater of the sister arts,
Painting or sculpture? Solve for me the doubt.

. . . . . .

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Georgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as the best

Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us
We have the proof. Behold these rounded limbs!
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

. . . . . .

And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

VASARI.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *to* VASARI, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

XXXVIII.

EVEN in portraits, the grace — and, we may add, the likeness — consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

XXXIX.

COROT'S ORPHEUS.

SWEET dove of dawn with silver breast,
Seen dimly through the fleeting shade,
Drugged with her warm and dreamless rest,
The earth scarce wakes ere thou dost fade.

Color unborn in herb or tree,
Floats dimly on the silent air,
And beauty, fluent still and free,
A spirit breathing everywhere.

Vast depths of space that seem to thrill
And tremble with the coming day,
That mystic moment prayerful still,
Ere gold has flooded all the gray.

High mottled clouds upon the edge
Have caught a little quivering beam,
No dewdrop shining on the hedge,
No light upon the hidden stream.

But all the landscape drenched with dew,
And freshness stealing from the founts;
Bright beams that pierce the tree-tops through,
While in the east a glory mounts.

Stealthy the breath from herb and flower
Creeps now through dripping leaves and grass,
To pay sweet tribute to the hour,
And freeze the breezes as they pass.

The god comes forth to greet the light,
Dilating with the breath of song,
And like a swallow in its flight
By inspiration borne along.

He grasps the lyre with careless hand,
Forgetful of its charmèd strings;
One moment ere their tones expand,
The voiceless spirit soars and sings.

Sacred as truth these hues and lines,
Religious as a minster aisle;
When reverence thy soul inclines,
Come gaze and lose thyself the while.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

XL.

MEISSONIER.

WATCHING your precious work, we vainly guess
What miracle creates as potent fact
Such height in brevity, width in narrowness,
And liberal vigor wed with cunning tact.

Your virile patience that no toil can crush,
The more we muse upon we prize the more,
O Liliput Angelo, whose wizard brush
Could paint a battle upon a *louis d'or!*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

XLI.

ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

XLII.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROOF OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

"A mount of marble, a hundred spires."

THE long, long night of utter loneliness,
Of conflict, pain, defeat, and sore distress,
Hath vanished; and I stand as one whose life
Wages with death a scarcely winning strife,
Here, on this mount of marble. Like a sea
Waveless and blue, the sky's transparency
Bathes spire and statue. Was it man or God
Who built these domes, whereon the feet have trod
Of eve and night and morn with rose and gold
And silver and strange symbols manifold
Of shadow? Fabric not of stone but mist
Or pearl or cloud beneath heaven's amethyst
Glitters the marvel: cloud congealed to shine
Through centuries with lustre crystalline;
Pearl spiked and fretted like an Orient shell;
Mist on the frozen fern-wreaths of a well.
Not God's but man's work this: God's yonder fane,
Reared on the distant limit of the plain,
From azure into azure, to blue sky
Shooting from vapors blue that folded lie
Round valley-basements, robed in royal snow,
Wherefrom life-giving waters leaping flow,
Aerial Monte Rosa! — God and man
Confront each other, with this narrow span

Of plain to part them, try what each can do
To make applauding Seraphs from the blue
Lean marvel-smitten, or alight with song
Upon the glittering peaks, or clustering throng
The spacious pathways. God on man's work here
Hath set His signature and symbol clear;
Man's soul that thinks and feels, to God's work there
Gives life, which else were cold and dumb and bare.
God is man's soul; man's soul a spark of God:
By God in man the dull, terrestrial clod
Becomes a thing of beauty; thinking man
Through God made manifest, outrival can
His handiwork of nature. Do we dream
Mingling reality with things that seem?
Or is it true that God and man appear
One soul in sentient art self-conscious here,
One soul o'er senseless nature stair by stair
Raised to create by comprehending there?

J. Addington Symonds.

XLIII.

Artists are of three classes: those who perceive and pursue the good, and leave the evil; those who perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is; and those who perceive and pursue the evil and leave the good.

John Ruskin.

XLIV.

THE MADONNA.

. . . . . .

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast,
"What does she see?" he whispered; "can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no!" she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

. . . . . .

Emily Huntington Miller.

XLV.

AFTER TENIERS.

A quiet curve of sombre brown water,
Flecked with duck-weed and dotted with leaves;
A low brick cottage, where shadows nestle
'Neath velvet edges of well-thatched eaves.

In front a space, with its gaudy dahlias,
And solid shade of the branching lime,
Where, soberly gay, two boors are drinking
In the deep'ning gloom of the evening time.

S. Weir Mitchell.

XLVI.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

. . . . . .

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

XLVII.

ART MAXIMS.

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that 's cheapest
Affects singularity.
Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in clarity.

. . . . . .

No record Art keeps
Of her travail and throes.
There is toil on the steeps, —
On the summits, repose.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XLVIII.

A COPY.

I WALKED a gallery of famous names
And famous fancies, framed in lines of gold, —
The paintings that a world has reckoned good, —
And saw, before a canvas that did limn
Some mythic story with a wondrous grace
(For Rubens was the painter, I recall),
An old, bent man whose long and silvered locks
Swept down his shoulders, and whose trembling hand
Moved steadier as it grasped the brush, wherewith
He sketched a copy of the masterpiece;
His easel just aside, that no offence
Of barring sight from those who came to gaze
At Rubens' work might be imputed his.
Straightway the wall, with all its freight of tales
In colors told, grew blurred before mine eyes,
And lost its old allurement; for I could
See nothing but the patient plodder there,
Whom death might overtake, and find undone
Full half the figures he must fitly draw
To all-complete the picture, let alone
The laying on of oils to give it life;
And who, undaunted, calm, and happy-eyed,
Did sit and sketch, and leave the rest to God.
Without the hope of making earthly fame,
Yet cheered, perchance, in knowing that his art
Would have eternity to ripen in,
Until he blent his soul with Rubens' own.

RICHARD BURTON.

XLIX.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

(Florence, 15—.)

I COULD have painted pictures like that youth's
Ye praise so. How my soul springs up! No bar
Stayed me — ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
— Never did fate forbid me, star by star,
To outburst on your night, with all my gift
Of fires from God: nor would my flesh have shrunk
From seconding my soul, with eyes uplift
And wide to heaven, or straight like thunder, sunk
To the centre, of an instant; or around
Turned calmly or inquisitive, to scan
The license and the limit, space and bound,
Allowed to truth made visible in man.
And, like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,
Over the canvas could my hand have flung,
Each face obedient to its passion's law,
Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue:
Whether Hope rose at once in all the blood,
A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,
Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when her brood
Pull down the nesting dove's heart to its place;
Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,
And locked the mouth fast, like a castle braved, —

O human faces! hath it split, my cup?
What did ye give me that I have not saved?
Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)
Of going — I, in each new picture, — forth,
As, making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,
To Pope, or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North,
Bound for the calmly satisfied great State,
Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the freight,
Through old streets named afresh from the event,
Till it reached home, where learned age should greet
My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet! —
Oh! thus to live, I and my picture, linked
With love about, and praise, till life should end,
And then not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend,
The thought grew frightful, 't was so wildly dear!
But a voice changed it. Glimpses of such sights
Have scared me, like the revels through a door
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!
This world seemed not the world it was, before:
Mixed with my loving trusting ones, there trooped

. . . Who summoned those cold faces that begun
To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped
Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,
They drew me forth, and spite of me . . . enough!
These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household-stuff,
And where they live needs must our pictures live
And see their faces, listen to their prate,
Partakers of their daily pettiness,
Discussed of, — "This I love, or this I hate,
This likes me more, and this affects me less!"
Wherefore I chose my portion. If at whiles
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and Saint,
With the same cold calm beautiful regard, —
At least no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart:
Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine
While, blackening in the daily candle-smoke,
They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.
So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!
O youth! men praise so, — holds their praise its worth?

Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?

ROBERT BROWNING.

L.

ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH, BY B. R. HAYDON.

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist:
No portrait this, with Academic air!
This is the poet and his poetry.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LI.

THE Greek in nature saw his gods half-hidden lurk;
And copying nature, wrought his gods into his work.

W. W. STORY.

LII.

THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING A PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOR.

I WOULD I were that portly gentleman,
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlor! for, whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him converge the sunbeams of her eyes,
And he unblamed may gaze upon MY FAIR,
And oft MY FAIR his favored form surveys.
Oh, HAPPY PICTURE, still on HER to gaze!
I envy him; and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the strong glance of those divinest charms
WARM HIM TO LIFE, as in the ancient days,
When MARBLE MELTED in Pygmalion's arms.
I would I were that portly gentleman,
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LIII.

I SAY that the art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means, whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received. If this then be the definition of great art, that of a great artist naturally follows. He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LIV.

THE ASCENDING MAGDALEN, BY RIBERA.

FORGIVEN woman, spirit unafraid
Borne upward by child angels to the throne,
Nearing the presence of thy Lord alone,
Humanly outcast, neither wed nor maid,
But with thy soul's soul pure, although the shade
Of anguish past is in thy eyes, the moan
Of sorrow stilled upon thy lips, its tone
Piercing the breast as 't were grief unallayed.

Yet is thy ragged garment royal dress,
And in the Lamb's blood is thy mantle dyed
From the deep heart of slain and risen Love.
Thy hair a halo is — each holy tress
That wiped thy Master's feet a sign above
All pardoning words thou shalt in peace abide!

MINNA C. SMITH.

LV.

THE OLD PICTURE-DEALER.

THE second landing-place. Above,
Sun-pictures for a shilling each.
Below, a haunt that Teutons love, —
Beer, smoke and pretzels all in reach.
Between the two, a mouldy nook
Where loungers hunt for things of worth —
Engraving, curio, or book —
Here drifted from all over Earth.

Be the day's traffic more or less,
  Old Brian seeks his Leyden chair
Placed in the ante-room's recess,
  Our connoisseur's securest lair:
Here, turning full the burner's rays,
  Holds long his treasure-trove in sight,—
Upon a painting sets his gaze
  Like some devoted eremite.

The book-worms rummage as they will,
  Loud roars the wonted Broadway din,
Life runs its hackneyed round,— but still
  One tireless boon can Brian win,—
Can picture in this modern time
  A life no more the world shall know,
And dream of Beauty at her prime
  In Parma, with Correggio.

Withered the dealer's face, and old,
  But wearing yet the first surprise
Of him whose eyes the light behold
  Of Italy and Paradise:
Forever blest, forever young,
  The rapt Madonna poises there,
Her praise by hovering cherubs sung,
  Her robes by ether buoyed, not air.

See from the graybeard's meerschaum float
  A cloud of incense! Day or night,
He needs must steal apart to note
  Her grace, her consecrating light.

With less ecstatic worship lay,
  Before his marble goddess prone,
The crippled poet, that last day
  When in the Louvre he made his moan.

Warm grows the radiant masterpiece,
  The sweetness of Correggio!
The visionary hues increase,
  Angelic lustres come and go;
And still, as still in Parma too,—
  In Rome, Bologna, Florence, all,—
Goes on the outer world's ado,
  Life's transitory, harsh recall.

A real Correggio? And here!
  Yes, to the one impassioned heart,
Transfiguring all, the strokes appear
  That mark the perfect master's art.
You question of the proof? You owe
  More faith to fact than fancy? Hush!
Look with expectant eyes, and know,
  With him, the hand that held the brush!

The same wild thought that warmed from stone
  The Venus of the monkish Gest,
The image of Pygmalion,
  Here finds Correggio confest.
And Art requires its votary:
  The Queen of Heaven herself may pine
When these quaint rooms no longer see
  The one that knew her all divine.

Ah me! ah me, for centuries veiled!
(The desolate Virgin then may say,)
Once more my rainbow tints are paled
With that unquestioning soul away —
Whose faith compelled the sun, the stars,
To yield their halos for my sake,
And saw through Time's obscuring bars
The Parmese master's glory break!

E. C. STEDMAN.

LVI.

TITIAN'S ASSUMPTION.

BURST is the iron gate!
And, from the night of fate;
Out of the darkness and the gloom abhorred;
Amidst the choral hymn,
With cloud and cherubim,
The Virgin leaves the tomb, — arisen like her Lord!

Free in the heavens she soars,
While the clear radiance pours,
Like a vast glory, round her upward face;
And higher still and higher,
With the angelic choir,
The soul by grace regained, regains the realms of grace.

In mortal shape! and yet,
Upon her brow is set,
The new celestial glory like a crown;

Her eyes anticipate
The bright eternal state;
Her arms to heaven extend; to her the heavens reach down!

We, with the saints beneath,
Half lose our mortal breath,
With sense and soul still following where she flies;
They, rapt into the light
Of the miraculous sight, —
We, of the wondrous art that gives it to our eyes!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

LVII.

. . . . . .

O ATTIC shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS.
(*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*)

LVIII.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO.

(He is at work on the Cartoon of the Last Judgment.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

WHY did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
They only heard the sound of their own voices.
. . . . . .
In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the work we do
Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how different is it
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
When all the wisdom of the world appears
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.
What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
That I have drawn her face among the angels,
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,

That through the vacant chambers of my heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LIX.

THE ARTIST.

NOTHING the greatest artist can conceive
That every marble block doth not confine
Within itself; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine,
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,
If in thy heart both death and love find place
At the same time, and if my humble brain,
Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (*Tr. by H. W. Longfellow.*)

LX.

ART faculty is innate: it cannot be acquired. It is a moral and intellectual force which may be enhanced by cultivation, but cannot by any such means be created.

SEYMOUR HADEN.

LXI.

THE CHRIST.

(Suggested by the Pictures of Tissot.)

YET look we for another — who shall paint
The Christ of wide creation's growing claim,
The hope on earth for sinner and for saint,
Conceived of shifting ages, yet the same?

Shall art prevail till visible endure
The self-avenging God, the shepherd's star —
The rod and staff that lead through death secure,
The faith of childhood, manhood's drifting spar?

Stupendous task! Unto each soul remains,
Soft halo'd as befits a spirit guest,
The Christ, whose hand struck off his captive chains,
The hidden Daysman of each human breast:

The magdalen, the mother, and the nun,
The fisherman of tossing Galilee,
The Puritan, the leper, and the son
Of modern stress in his complexity.

One knew him walking on the waves, and one
Loved him the Sabbath morning 'mid the corn;
Another feasting; some when he had done
Strange healing — few as prophet of the thorn.

Wild hearts have met him in the wilderness;
And more close by, within the city wall,
Have touched the garment that perchance may bless —
No fleshly image satisfies us all.

Though quick with love the painted form may be,
"Such, Lord, was never mine," we cry. Oh, then,
Look on the face of friend or foe and see
God's masterpiece, — the deathless Christ in men!

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

LXII.

EURYDICE TO ORPHEUS.

(A Picture by Leighton.)

BUT give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!
Let them once more absorb me! One look now
Will lap me round forever, not to pass
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:
Hold me but safe again within the bond
Of one immortal look! All woe that was,
Forgotten, and all terror that may be,
Defied, — no past is mine, no future: look at me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

LXIII.

SAINT CECILIA.

A WOMAN with a charmèd hand
To wake sweet music, — yea, a saint
Whose home is in the mystic land,
Where poets sing and painters paint.

She wears a soft and Old World grace,
Her eyes are large with revery;
Her solemn organ fills the place
With sounds that set the spirit free.

The lily is her flower, and meek
Her look is, as the flower's own;
She hath no color in her cheek;
One thinks of her as oft alone.

Rubens once wrought her, playing there,
And made her beautiful, yet missed
The holiness, the pensive air
Of one whose face high heaven has kissed.

And Carlo Dolci tried, nor failed:
Cecilia sits and plays, and seems
A saint whose soul is unassailed,
And yet the woman of our dreams!

RICHARD BURTON.

LXIV.

GENIUS finds its own road and carries its own lamp.

WILLMOTT.

LXV.

UNTRAMMELLED ART.

O Poet-Painter — Thou whose throbbing lyre
With melody is thrilled,
Ye know but half how Inspiration's fire
Is quenched and chilled
In the dull stream Development, half mire!
O Painter fully-primed with dreams that fleet,
Is thy flat Canvas not a winding-sheet
Placed on a Stretcher for thy vision's corse?
A pen but cramps thee, Pegasus, my horse;
And five-lined Paper frights the Ethereal Quire.
. . . . . .

I 've only known from first to last,
A single Painter I could love;
For he had realized the Vast
Eternal Truth proclaimed above:
In him Conception towered sublime
And Inspiration blazed intense.
Oh, many, many is the time
He 's told me so in confidence.

I 've seen him, with a trembling light
Of Inspiration in his hair,
Before a Canvas purely white
Ecstatically sit and glare:
He daubed no stultifying Paint
Upon the pure unsullied Sheet;
Yet when he rose (a little faint)
The noble Picture was complete!

His vibrant soul had breathed the scene
Into the cloth in perfect wise;
No marring Brush had come between
To limit and to vulgarize:
All subtleties of Line and Curve,
Of Tint and Tone, stood fixt and fair,
Though Vulgar Minds did not observe
That there was any Picture there.

The Critics — pure Perception — stand
In speechless Rapture for a time,
Then murmurously sigh, "How Grand!"
"What perfect Handling!" "Too Sublime!"
. . . . . .
But no Description can convey
What Beauty in his Canvas lurks —
I 'll show you, when you come my way,
A fine Collection of his works.

JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

LXVI.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance — yet this we see
In long experience — that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently?
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.

Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
(*Tr. by H. W. Longfellow.*)

LXVII.

PAINTING, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LXVIII.

A FLATTERING painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

GOLDSMITH.

LXIX.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE.

I.

THE morn when first it thunders in March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.
As I leaned and looked over the aloed arch
Of the villa-gate this warm March day,
No flash snapped, no dumb thunder rolled
In the valley beneath where, white and wide
And washed by the morning water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain-side.

II.

River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call,
Through the live translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal-ball.
And of all I saw and of all I praised,
The most to praise and the best to see
Was the startling bell-tower Giotto raised:
But why did it more than startle me?

III.

Giotto, how, with that soul of yours,
Could you play me false who loved you so?
Some slights if a certain heart endures
Yet it feels, I would have your fellows know!
I' faith, I perceive not why I should care,
To break a silence that suits them best,
But the thing grows somewhat hard to bear
When I find a Giotto join the rest.

IV.

On the arch where olives overhead
Print the blue sky with twig and leaf
(That sharp-curled leaf which they never shed),
'Twixt the aloes, I used to learn in chief,
And mark through the winter afternoons,
By a gift God grants me now and then,
In the mild decline of those suns like moons,
Who walked in Florence, besides her men.

V.

They might chirp and chaffer, come and go
For pleasure or profit, her men alive —
My business was hardly with them, I trow,
But with empty cells of the human hive;
— With the chapter-room, the cloister-porch,
The church's apsis, aisle or nave,
Its crypt, one fingers along with a torch,
Its face set full for the sun to shave.

VI.

Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains:
One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
— A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.

VII.

For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
They are safe in heaven with their backs to it,
The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum and buzz
Round the works of, you of the little wit!
Do their eyes contract to the earth's old scope,
Now that they see God face to face,
And have all attained to be poets, I hope?
'T is their holiday now, in any case.

VIII.

Much they reck of your praise and you!
But the wronged great souls — can they be quit
Of a world where their work is all to do,
Where you style them, you of the little wit,
Old Master This and Early the Other,
Not dreaming that Old and New are fellows:
A younger succeeds to an elder brother,
Da Vincis derive in good time from Dellos.

IX.

And here where your praise might yield returns,
And a handsome word or two give help,
Here, after your kind, the mastiff girns,
And the puppy pack of poodles yelp.
What, not a word for Stefano there,
Of brow once prominent and starry,
Called Nature's Ape and the world's despair
For his peerless painting? (see Vasari.)

X.

There stands the Master. Study, my friends,
What a man's work comes to! So he plans it,
Performs it, perfects it, makes amends
For the toiling and moiling, and then, *sic transit!*
Happier the thrifty blind-folk labor,
With upturned eye while the hand is busy,
Not sidling a glance at the coin of their neighbor!
'T is looking downward makes one dizzy.

XI.

"If you knew their work you would deal your dole."
May I take upon me to instruct you?
When Greek Art ran and reached the goal,
Thus much had the world to boast *in fructu*—
The Truth of Man, as by God first spoken,
Which the actual generations garble,
Was re-uttered, and Soul (which Limbs betoken)
And Limbs (Soul informs) made new in marble.

XII.

So, you saw yourself as you wished you were,
As you might have been, as you cannot be;
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there:
And grew content in your poor degree

With your little power, by those statues' god-
head,
And your little scope, by their eyes' full sway,
And your little grace, by their grace embodied,
And your little date, by their forms that stay.

XIII.

You would fain be kinglier, say, than I am?
Even so, you will not sit like Theseus.
You would prove a model? The Son of Priam
Has yet the advantage in arms' and knees' use.
You 're wroth — can you slay your snake like
Apollo?
You 're grieved — still Niobe 's the grander!
You live — there 's the Racers' frieze to follow:
You die — there 's the dying Alexander.

XIV.

So, testing your weakness by their strength,
Your meagre charms by their rounded beauty,
Measured by Art in your breadth and length,
You learned — to submit is a mortal's duty.
— When I say "you," 't is the common soul,
The collective, I mean: the race of Man
That receives life in parts to live in a whole,
And grow here according to God's clear plan.

XV.

Growth came when, looking your last on them
all,
You turned your eyes inwardly one fine day

And cried with a start — What if we so small
Be greater and grander the while than they?
Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?
In both, of such lower types are we
Precisely because of our wider nature;
For time, theirs — ours, for eternity.

XVI.

To-day's brief passion limits their range;
It seethes with the morrow for us and more.
They are perfect — how else? they shall never change:
We are faulty — why not? we have time in store.
The Artificer's hand is not arrested
With us; we are rough-hewn, nowise polished.
They stand for our copy, and, once invested
With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished.

XVII.

'T is a life-long toil till our lump be leaven —
The better! What 's come to perfection perishes.
Things learned on earth, we shall practise in heaven:
Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes.
Thyself shalt afford the example, Giotto!
Thy one work, not to decrease or diminish,
Done at a stroke, was just (was it not?) "O"
Thy great Campanile is still to finish.

XVIII.

Is it true that we are now, and shall be hereafter,
But what and where depend on life's minute?
Hails heavenly cheer or infernal laughter
Our first step out of the gulf or in it?
Shall Man, such step within his endeavor,
Man's face, have no more play and action
Than joy which is crystallized forever,
Or grief, an eternal petrifaction?

XIX.

On which I conclude, that the early painters,
To cries of "Greek Art and what more wish you?" —
Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters:
To bring the invisible full into play,
Let the visible go to the dogs — what matters?"

XX.

Give these, I exhort you, their guerdon and glory
For daring so much, before they well did it.
The first of the new, in our race's story,
Beats the last of the old; 't is no idle quiddit.

The worthies began a revolution,
  Which if on earth you intend to acknowledge,
Why, honor them now! (ends my allocution)
  Nor confer your degree when the folks leave college.

XXI.

There 's a fancy some lean to and others hate —
  That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
  Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,
  Repeat in large what they practised in small,
Through life after life in unlimited series;
  Only the scale 's to be changed, that 's all.

XXII.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
  By the means of Evil that Good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene, —
  When our faith in the same has stood the test —
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
  The uses of labor are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:
  And I have had troubles enough, for one.

XXIII.

But at any rate I have loved the season
Of Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy;
My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,
My painter — who but Cimabue?
Nor even was man of them all indeed,
From these to Ghiberti and Ghirlandajo,
Could say that he missed my critic-meed.
So, now to my special grievance — heigh-ho!

XXIV.

Their ghosts still stand, as I said before,
Watching each fresco flaked and rasped,
Blocked up, knocked out, or whitewashed o'er:
— No getting again what the Church has grasped!
The works on the wall must take their chance;
"Works never conceded to England's thick clime!"
(I hope they prefer their inheritance
Of a bucketful of Italian quicklime.)

XXV.

When they go at length, with such a shaking
Of heads o'er the old delusion, sadly
Each master his way through the black streets taking,
Where many a lost work breathes though badly —

Why don't they bethink them of who has
merited?
Why not reveal, while their pictures dree
Such doom, how a captive might be out-ferreted?
Why is it they never remember me?

XXVI.

Not that I expect the great Bigordi,
Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric, bellicose;
Nor the wronged Lippino; and not a word I
Say of a scrap of Frà Angelico's:
But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi,
To grant me a taste of your intonaco,
Some Jerome that seeks the heaven with a sad
eye?
Not a churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco?

XXVII.

Could not the ghost with the close red cap,
My Pollajolo, the twice a craftsman,
Save me a sample, give me the hap
Of a muscular Christ that shows the draughts-
man?
No Virgin by him the somewhat petty,
Of finical touch and tempera crumbly —
Could not Alesso Baldovinetti
Contribute so much, I ask him humbly?

XXVIII.

Margheritone of Arezzo,
With the grave-clothes garb and swaddling barret
(Why purse up mouth and beak in a pet so,
You bald old saturnine poll-clawed parrot?)
Not a poor glimmering Crucifixion,
Where in the foreground kneels the donor?
If such remain, as is my conviction,
The hoarding it does you but little honor.

XXIX.

They pass; for them the panels may thrill,
The tempera grow alive and tinglish:
Their pictures are left to the mercies still
Of dealers and stealers, Jews and the English,
Who, seeing mere money's worth in their prize,
Will sell it to somebody calm as Zeno
At naked High Art, and in ecstasies
Before some clay-cold vile Carlino!

XXX.

No matter for these! But, Giotto, you,
Have you allowed, as the town-tongues babble it —
Oh, never! it shall not be counted true —
That a certain precious little tablet
Which Buonarroti eyed like a lover,
Was buried so long in oblivion's womb
And, left for another than I to discover,
Turns up at last! and to whom? — to whom?

XXXI.

I, that have haunted the dim San Spirito,
(Or was it rather the Ognissanti?)
Patient on altar-step planting a weary toe!
Nay, I shall have it yet! *Detur amanti!*
My Koh-i-noor — or (if that 's a platitude)
Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Sofi's eye;
So, in anticipative gratitude,
What if I take up my hope and prophesy?

XXXII.

When the hour grows ripe, and a certain dotard
Is pitched, no parcel that needs invoicing,
To the worst side of the Mont St. Gothard,
We shall begin by way of rejoicing;
None of that shooting the sky (blank cartridge),
Nor a civic guard, all plumes and lacquer,
Hunting Radetzky's soul like a partridge
Over Morello with squib and cracker.

XXXIII.

This time we 'll shoot better game and bag 'em hot:
No mere display at the stone of Dante,
But a kind of sober Witanagemot
(Ex: "Casa Guidi," *quod videas ante*)
Shall ponder, once Freedom restored to Florence,
How Art may return that departed with her.
Go, hated house, go each trace of the Loraine's,
And bring us the days of Orgagna hither!

XXXIV.

How we shall prologuize, how we shall perorate,
Utter fit things upon art and history,
Feel truth at blood-heat and falsehood at zero rate,
Make of the want of the age no mystery;
Contrast the fructuous and sterile eras,
Show — monarchy ever its uncouth cub licks
Out of the bear's shape into Chimæra's,
While Pure Art's birth is still the republic's!

XXXV.

Then one shall propose in a speech (curt Tuscan,
Expurgate and sober, with scarcely an "*issimo*"),
To end now our half-told tale of Cambuscan,
And turn the bell-tower's *alt* to *altissimo;*
And, fine as the beak of a young beccaccia,
The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,
Completing Florence, as Florence, Italy.

XXXVI.

Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
Is broken away, and the long-pent fire,
Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire,

While, "God and the People" plain for its motto,
Thence the new tricolor flaps at the sky?
At least to foresee that glory of Giotto
And Florence together, the first am I!

ROBERT BROWNING.

LXX.

AFTER RUYSDAEL.

THROUGH briery ways, from underneath
The far-off sadness of the gold
That fades above the sun, the waves
Swift to our very feet are rolled.

Above, beyond, to either side,
The sombre woods bend overhead;
And underneath, the wild brown waves
Leap joyously, with lightsome tread,

From rock to rock, and laugh and sing,
Like lonely maids in woods at play;
Till in the cold, still pool below,
A-sudden checked, they stand at bay,

Like girls who, in their mood of joy,
To this more solemn woodland glide,
And with some brief, sweet terror touched,
Stand wistful, trembling, tender-eyed.

What half-felt sense of something gone,
What sadness in the moveless woods;
What sorrow haunts yon amber sky,
That over all so darkly broods!

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

LXXI.

STUDENTS' DAY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Out of all the hundred fair Madonnas
Seen in many a rich and distant city —
Sweet Madonnas, with the mother's bosoms;
Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish;
Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds to heaven
(Clouds of golden, glad, adoring Angels) —
She of Florence, in the chair, — so perfect!
She that was the "Grand Duke's" wealth and glory,
She that makes the picture "of the Goldfinch,"
Ghirlandajo's, with the cloak and jewels;
Guido's Queen, whom men and angels worship,
Della Robbia's best; and that sweet "Perla" —
Seville's bright boast — Mary of Murillo
(Painted — so they vow — "with milk and roses"),
Guido Reni's Quadro at Bologna,
Munich's masterpiece, grim Dürer's Goddess;
Yes! and thy brave work — Beltraffio mio! —
Many as the lessons are I owe them,
Thanks and wonder; worship; grateful memories,
Oftenest I shall think of Perugino's.

Do you know it? Either side a triptych
Stands an armed Archangel — as to guard her —
Glorious — with great wings, and shining armor:
In the middle panel, pure and tender,
Clasping close her hands, with adoration

(All the Mother's love — the Mortal's worship —
In their yearning, in their reverence, painted),
Gazes Mary on the Child. A seraph
Holds Him, smiling, at her knees; and, smiling,
Looks she down, with spirit humbly-happy,
Full — to heart's brim — of the Peace of Heaven.
Reverence mingles with the Mother's passion,
But no touch of sadness, or of doubting.
Far away a river runneth seaward
(Little now — like Truth — like Truth, to widen),
Leads the light across a blue dim country,
Under peaks — by forests — to the ocean:
Soft and warm, a pearly sky broods over
Where three Winged-Ones, at the Father's foot-stool,
Sing the "peace and good-will" song to mortals.

If you ask me why that Perugino
Of the rest can never be forgotten,
Let this serve: I learned a lesson by it,
Watching one whose light and faithful fingers —
Following touch by touch her lovely labor —
Caught the Master's trick, and made him modern.
While she bent above her new Madonna,
Laid the splendid smalts, and touched the crimsons,
Swept the shadows under the gilt tresses,
Smoothed the sinless brows, and drooped the eyelids, —

What the Master did, so also doing, —
I bethought me, " True and good the toil is!
Noble thus to double gifts of beauty!
Yet, alas! this 'peace and good-will' anthem, —
If the dear Madonna knew what ages —
Slowly following ages — would creep o'er us,
And those words be still as wind that passes,
Breathing fragrance from a land we know not, —
Sighing music to a tune we catch not,
Stirring hearts, as leaves, i' the night, a little
Shake, and sleep again, and wait for sunlight
(Sweet, glad sunlight! oh, so long a-coming!),
Would she smile so? I had painted rather
(While she listened to those singing Angels) —
Mary, with a sword-blade in her bosom
(Sword that was to pierce her heart, of all hearts!);
I had shown her with deep eyes of trouble,
Half afraid to credit that Evangel;
I had limned her 'pondering all those sayings,'
All our later agonies foreseeing,
After all our years have 'heard the tidings.'"

But the Artist, painting bold and largely,
Washing soft and clear the broadening colors;
With a liberal brush, at skilful working,
Linking lights and shadows on the visage,
Dropped by hazard there, one drop of water!
"Lo, a tear!" I thought; "that teaches Pietro!
That is wiser than the Master's wisdom!
Now the picture's meaning will be perfect!

For she could not be so calm — Christ's Mother —
Could she? even though Archangels kept her!
Could she? even though those sang in Heaven!
Knowing how her world would roll beyond them,
Twenty centuries past this sacred moment,
Out of sound of this angelic singing;
Loaded with the wrongs Christ's justice rights not,
Reddened with the blood Christ's teachings stanch not,
Reeking with the tears Christ's pity stays not:
Let the tear shine there! it suits the story!
Tear and smile go wondrous well together!
Seeing that this song was sung by Angels;
Seeing that the foolish world gainsays it.
That one lustrous drop completes the picture!
You forgot it! Peter of Perugia!"

Ah! I did not know an Artist's wisdom!
I had still to learn my deepest lesson:
She I watched, with better thought inspired,
Took some tender color in her pencil
(Faint dawn-color, — blush of rose, — I marked not!),
Touched the tear, and melted it to brightness,
Spread it in a heavenly smile all over,
Magically made it turn to service;
Till that tear, charged with its rosy tintings,

Deepened the first sweet smile, and left it lovelier, —
Like the Master's work, complete, sufficient!

Then I thought: "Pietro's wise Madonna
Was too wise to weep at little sorrows!
Christ, and She, and Heaven, and all the angels
Last; — 't is sin, and grief, alone which passes!
Roses grow of dew, and smiles from weeping!
Sweetest smile is made of saddest tear-drop!
She hath not forgotten we shall suffer!
In her heart that sword — to the heft — is planted,
But beyond the years, she sees Time over;
Past the Calvary she counts 'the mansions.'
Dear Madonna! — wise to be so happy!
Should you weep, because we have not listened?
We shall listen! and His Mother knows it!"

This is why — of many rare Madonnas —
Most of all I think on Perugino's;
I who know so many more and love them!
This is why I thank my gentle artist,
She who taught me that, a student's wisdom!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LXXII.

GENIUS is always a surprise, but it is born with great advantages when the stock from which it springs has been long under cultivation.

O. W. HOLMES.

LXXIII.

A MADONNA OF DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

I.

Oh, brooding thought of dread!
Oh, calm of coming grief!
Oh, mist of tears unshed
Above that shining head.
That for an hour too brief
Lies on thy nurturing knee!
How shall we pity thee,
Mother of sorrows — sorrows yet to be!

II.

That babyhood unknown,
With all of bright or fair
That lingers in our own,
By every hearth has shone.
Each year that light we share
As Bethlehem saw it shine.
Be ours the comfort thine,
Mother of consolations all divine!

Robert Underwood Johnson.

(*By permission from "The Winter Hour, and Other Poems," N. Y., The Century Co.*)

LXXIV.

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creations, hues like hers?

James Thomson.

LXXV.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

ONE face looks out from all his canvases,
One self-same figure sits or walks or leans;
We found her hidden just behind those screens,
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
A saint, an angel — every canvas means
The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true, kind eyes looks back on him,
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

LXXVI.

ALL men, completely harmonized and justly tempered, enjoy color; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with *purity* and hardness in the earth,—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colorless.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LXXVII.

FOUR PICTURES BY BURNE-JONES.

Fortune.

Captains and kings are fastened to her wheel,
Which turns and turns: while she, close-veiled and blind,
Thrusts her lean arm athwart them: head 'neath heel,
And heel on head, they gasp and groan, entwined,
A wreath of woe no mercy may unbind:
For God who all things made, to Fortune gives
Power to subdue the mightiest man that lives.

Fame.

Fame stands and blows a trumpet. Chest and thigh,
Strained with the blast, like knotted cordage quiver.
Whence hath he flown? From what empyrean sky
Have those wings borne him, fiery-bright, that shiver
Like burning towers reflected in a river?
Behold! Behind him Fortune and her wheel
Lie prone and shattered 'neath a naked heel.

Oblivion.

Thou too art strong and eagle-winged: but, oh!
How pale as death is yon broad bosom, bent
Over the restless scythe, that to and fro

Sweeps, while the mower, on his task intent,
Looks not to left or right. Mangled and rent
Are Fame's fair wings; like Fortune's wheel, his horn
Was but a plaything for Oblivion's scorn.

LOVE.

Ah, Love! And thou hast slain him? With what charm,
Scattering rose-leaves on that stubborn scythe,
Hast thou avenged the world of so much harm?
Oblivion 'neath thy smile hath ceased to writhe.
How wert thou bold, oh, tender-limbed and lithe —
Mere rosy-pinioned stripling — to assail
Him before whom Fame, Fortune's lord, must quail?

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

LXXVIII.

ALL great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad art. Nay, even to a certain extent, all *bold* art is bad art; for boldness is not the proper word to apply to the courage and swiftness of a great master, based on knowledge, and coupled with fear and love.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LXXIX.

NOTHING right can be accomplished in art without enthusiasm.

SCHUMANN.

LXXX.

AFTER WATTEAU.

Embarquons-nous pour la belle Cythère.
TH. DE BANVILLE.

"EMBARQUONS-NOUS!" I seem to go
Against my will. 'Neath alleys low
I bend, and hear across the air —
Across the stream — faint music rare, —
Whose "*cornemuse*," whose "*chalumeau*"?

Hark! was not that a laugh I know?
Who was it, hurrying, turned to show
The galley swinging by the stair? —
"Embarquons-nous!"

The silk sail flaps, fresh breezes blow;
Frail laces flutter, satins flow; —
You, with the love-knot in your hair,
"*Allons, embarquons pour Cythère!*"
You will not? . . . Press her, then, Pierrot! —
"Embarquons-nous!"
AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXXXI.

IT is the treating of the common-place with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power.
J. F. MILLET.

LXXXII.

PAINTING is silent poetry, and poetry speaking painting.
SIMONIDES.

LXXXIII.

THE ROSE AND THE STATUE.

THE Rose said to the Statue: Thou art cold
And passionless, though beautiful and grand.
I all my life exhale, while thou dost stand
Unmoved, unmindful of the sweets I hold.

The Statue answered to the Rose: Thou poor,
Frail creature, toy and wanton of a day,
I scarce can stoop to note thy swift decay;
Lo! thou art fading *now*, but *I* endure.

Thus each reproached the other: neither thought
What various means lead to an end the same;
How manifold is beauty, and what claim
To the world's gratitude the other brought.

O Statue! shine in majesty, replete
With high suggestions of eternal things.
O Rose! yield up thy breath and die; the wings
Of love receive it, for thy breath is sweet.

One must be cold and suffer, — 't is earth's blight;
One must be warm and suffer. Thus the poles
Touch in a law unchanging; but the souls
Of Statue and of Rose can ne'er unite.

OWEN INNSLY.
(*Lucy W. Jennison.*)

LXXXIV.

THE CRADLE TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.[1]

A LITTLE, rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble, primly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if to bless
The quiet sleep some grieving one
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

It seems no more than yesterday
Since the sad mother down the stair
And down the long aisle stole away,
And left her darling sleeping there.

And dust upon the cradle lies,
And those who prized the baby so,
And laid her down to rest with sighs,
Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful pillowed head
Three centuries brood, and strangers peep

[1] A copy of this poem was made by Dean Stanley, and hangs in a frame close by the "Cradle tomb."

And wonder at the carven bed,—
But not unwept the baby's sleep,

For wistful mother-eyes are blurred
With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,
And the old dusts are roused and stirred
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts, o'erleaping place and age,
Melt into memories, and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain;

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of Love, which, flowering round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

(*Copyright*, 1880, *by Roberts Brothers.*)

LXXXV.

ANGELICO is perpetual peace. Not seclusion from the world. No shutting out of the world is needful for him. . . . In Angelico you have the entirely spiritual mind, wholly versed in the heavenly world, and incapable of conceiving any wickedness or vileness whatsoever.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LXXXVI.

IN AN ATELIER.

I PRAY you do not turn your head;
And let your hands lie folded, so.
It was a dress like this, wine-red,
That Dante liked so, years ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind.
He loved a lady wondrous fair —
His model? Something of the kind.
I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek,
And was not meek at all (my dear,
I want that side light on your cheek).
He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you,
But rather better, on the whole
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do):
He was a painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits, too, I think,
In the INFERNO — devilish good!
I 'd make some certain critics blink
If I 'd his method and his mood.)
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance
Rest there, by that majolica tray) —
Was Beatrice; they met by chance —
They met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago.
Do you remember? How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow
Along the bleak gas-lighted street!

An instant in the drug-store's glare
You stood as in a golden frame,
And then I swore it, then and there,
To hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed
(All this was long before our time),
And though they died, they are not dead —
Such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien,
Great Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine
Goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all?
He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall,
This lady lives from age to age:
A poet — that means painter too,
For words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue,
For varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets — they are lucky ones!
When we are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons
Almost as quickly as ourselves;
For our poor canvas peels at length,
At length is prized — when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!"
When neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart,
It is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon — live for Art!
I 'd much prefer to live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are!
You smile, and all my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star,
To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I 'm out of tune;
The light is bad; the sky is gray:
I paint no more this afternoon,
So lay your royal gear away.
Besides, you 're moody — chin on hand —
I know not what — not in the vein —
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland:
You sit there smiling in disdain.

Not like Bluff Harry's radiant Queen,
Unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been,
Preparing for the headsman's blow.
I see! I 've put you in a miff —
Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.
How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if —
Somehow — as if you 'd just been kissed!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

LXXXVII.

GENIUS counts all its miracles poor and short.

EMERSON.

LXXXVIII.

THERE is nothing that a real artist cares less for than what you call success. It is generally a misfortune if he gets it early, and if it comes to him late he is indifferent to it. . . . Neglect and indifference mean freedom from temptation, long quiet days in one's studio, hard work, sound sleep, and healthy growth. It was a great piece of luck for Corot that the world was so long in finding him; that it left him so many years in peace to do his work and let his soul out. His contempt for popularity was well expressed in the phrase, "Men are like flies; if one alights on a dish, others will follow."

H. W. MABIE.

LXXXIX.

HERE Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.[1]

GOLDSMITH.

[1] Sir Joshua was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

XC.

VITTORIA.

WISE was the word the wise man spake who said:
"Angelo was the only man to whom God gave
Four souls": — the soul of sculpture and of song,
Of architecture and of art; these all.
For so God lovèd him as if he were
His only child, and grouped about his brows
Ideals of himself, — not angels mild
As those that flit and beckon other lives,
But cherubim and seraphim; tall, strong,
Unsleeping, terrible; with wings across
Their mighty feet, and eyes — if we would look
Upon their blazing eyes, these two are hid —
Some angels are all wings! Oh, shine and fly!
Were ye not angels, ye would strike us blind.

And yet they did not, could not dazzle her —
That one sweet, silent woman unto whom
He bent as pliant as the marble turned
To life immortal in his own great hand.
Steadfast Vittoria looked on Angelo.
She lifted lonely eyes. The years stepped slow.
Fourfold the reverence which he gave to her.
Fourfold the awful tenderness, the trust,
The loyalty, the loss. And oh, fourfold
The comfort, beyond all power of comforting,
Whereby a lesser man may heal the hurt
Of widowhood.
Pescara had one soul —
A little one; and it was stained. And he —

It too, perhaps (God knows !) — was dead.
The dead are God's.
Vittoria had one heart.
The woman gave it, and the woman gives
Once. Angelo was too late. And one who dared
To shed a tear for him has dropped it here.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

XCI.

THE LAST SUPPER.

(By Leonardo da Vinci in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia, Milan.)

THOUGH searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this work; the calm, ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements ; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the beholder, — and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

XCII.

MILLET AND ZOLA.

("L'Angélus" and "La Terre.")

AGAINST the sunset glow they stand,
Two humblest toilers of the land,
Rugged of speech and rough of hand,
Bowed down by tillage;
No grace of garb or circumstance
Invests them with a high romance,
Ten thousand such through fruitful France,
In field and village.

The day's slow path from dawn to west
Has left them, soil-bestained, distrest,
No thought beyond the nightly rest,—
New toil to-morrow;
Till solemnly the "Ave" bell
Rings out the sun's departing knell,
Borne by the breezes' rhythmic swell
O'er swathe and furrow.

O lowly pair! you dream it not,
Yet on your hard, unlovely lot
That evening gleam of light has shot
A glorious presage;
For prophets oft have yearned and kings,
Have yearned in vain to know the things
Which to your simple spirits brings
That curfew message.

. . . . . .

Turn to the written page and read
In other strain the peasant's creed,
With satyr love and vampire greed
How hearts are tainted;

Read to the end unmoved who can,
Read how the primal curse on man
May shape a fouler Caliban
Than poet painted!

And this is Nature! Be it so:
It needs a master's hand to show
How through the man the brute may grow
By Hell's own leaven;

We blame you not: enough for us
Those two lone figures bending thus,
For whom that far-off Angelus
Speaks Hope and Heaven.

ROBERT, LORD HOUGHTON.

XCIII.

ALL Arts are one, howe'er distributed they stand;
Verse, tone, shape, color, form, are fingers on one hand.

W. W. STORY.

XCIV.

PAINTING does not proceed so much by intelligence as by sight and feeling and invention.

HAMERTON.

XCV.

FRA ANGELICO.

No, Buonarroti, thou shalt not subdue
My mind with thy Thor-hammer! All that play
Of ponderous science with Titanic thew
And spastic tendon — marvellous, 't is true —
Says nothing to my soul. Thy "terrible way"
Has led enow of worshipers astray;
I will not walk therein! Nor yet shalt thou,
Majestic Raphael — though before thee bow
The nations, with their tribute of renown —
Lead my heart captive. Great thou art, I own —
Great, but a Pagan still. But here — breathe low,
The place is hallowed — here, Angelico!
Heart, mind, and soul, with reverent love confess
The Christian Painter, sent to purify and bless.

SIR JOSEPH NOËL PATON.

XCVI.

ON DÜRER'S MELENCOLIA.

WHAT holds her fixed far eyes nor lets them range?
Not the strange sea, strange earth, or heav'n more strange;
But her own phantom dwarfing these great three,
More strange than all, more old than heav'n, earth, sea.

WILLIAM WATSON.

XCVII.

THE HOLY FAMILY, BY MICHELANGELO.

(In the National Gallery.[1])

TURN not the prophet's page, O Son! He knew
All that thou hast to suffer, and hath writ.
Not yet thine hour of knowledge. Infinite
The sorrows that thy manhood's lot must rue
And dire acquaintance of thy grief. That clue
The spirits of thy mournful ministerings
Seek through yon scroll in silence. For these things
The angels have desired to look into.

Still before Eden waves the fiery sword, —
Her Tree of Life unransomed: whose sad Tree
Of Knowledge yet to growth of Calvary
Must yield its Tempter, — Hell the earliest dead
Of Earth resign, — and yet, O Son and Lord,
The seed o' the woman bruise the serpent's head.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

XCVIII.

WORK for immortality if you will: then wait for it.

J. G. HOLLAND.

[1] In this picture the Virgin Mother is seen withholding from the Child Saviour the prophetic writings in which his sufferings are foretold. Angelic figures beside them examine a scroll.

XCIX.

LEPAGE'S JOAN OF ARC.

ONCE, it may be, the soft gray skies were dear,
The clouds above in crowds, like sheep below,
The bending of each kindly wrinkled tree;
Or blossoms at the birth-time of the year,
Or lambs unweaned, or water in still flow,
In whose brown glass a girl her face might see.

Such days are gone, and strange things come instead;
For she has looked on other faces white,
Pale bloom of fear, before war's whirlwind blown;
Has stooped, ah, Heaven! in some low sheltering shed
To tend dark wounds, the leaping arrow's bite,
While the cold death that hovered seemed her own.

And in her hurt heart, o'er some grizzled head,
The mother that shall never be has yearned;
And love's fine voice, she else shall never hear,
Came to her as the call of saints long dead;
And straightway all the passion in her burned,
One altar-flame that hourly waxes clear.

Hence goes she ever in a glimmering dream,
And very oft will sudden stand at gaze,
With blue, dim eyes that still not seem to see:

For now the well-known ways with visions teem;
Unfelt is toil, and summer one green daze,
Till that the king be crowned, and France be free!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

C.

AFTER ALBERT CUYP.

A SUNSET silence holds the patient land;
Against the sun the stolid cattle stand;
Framed hazy, in the gold that slips
Between the sails of lazy ships,
And floods with level, yellow light
The broad, green meadow grasses bright.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

CI.

. . . IF it take
Æons to form a diamond, grain on grain,
Æons to crystallize its fire and dew —
By what slow processes must Nature make
Her Shakespeares and her Raffaels? Great the gain
If she spoil thousands making one or two.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
(*Rarity of Genius.*)

CII.

TRUE painting can only be learned in one school, and that is kept by Nature.

HOGARTH.

CIII.

LINES TO A STUPID PICTURE.

Five geese, — a landscape damp and wild, —
A stunted, not too pretty, child,
Beneath a battered gingham;
Such things, to say the least, require
A Muse of more-than-average Fire
To adequately sing 'em.

And yet — Why should they? Souls of mark
Have sprung from such; — e'en Joan of Arc
Had scarce a grander duty;
Not always ('t is a maxim trite)
From righteous causes comes the right, —
From beautiful the beauty.

Who shall decide where seed is sown?
Maybe some priceless germ was blown
To this unwholesome marish;
(And what must grow will still increase
Though cackled round by half the geese
And ganders in the parish.)

Maybe this homely face may hide
A Staël before whose mannish pride
Our frailer sex may tremble;
Perchance this audience anserine
May hiss (O fluttering Muse of mine!) —
May hiss — a future Kemble!

Or say the gingham shadows o'er
An undeveloped Hannah More! —
A latent Mrs. Trimmer!
Who shall affirm it? — who deny? —
Since of the truth nor you nor I
Discern the faintest glimmer?

So then — Caps off, my Masters all:
Reserve your final words, — recall
Your all-too-hasty strictures;
Caps off, I say, for Wisdom sees
Potential possibilities
In most unhopeful pictures.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CIV.

IF a picture is daubed with many glaring colors, the vulgar eye admires it; whereas he judges very contemptuously of some admirable design sketched out only with a black pencil, though by the hand of Raphael.

ISAAC WATTS.

CV.

As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest.

TENNYSON.

CVI.

THE PARTHENON BY MOONLIGHT.

THIS is an island of the golden Past,
Uplifted in the tranquil sea of night.
This is true Athens! How the heart beats fast
When climbs the pilgrim to this gleaming height:
The crown and glory of consummate form;
The jewel of all the world, most nobly set;
High Beauty's shrine, outwearing every storm;
Shattered, but not undone; thrice lovely yet.

Ah, Heaven, what tragic waste! Is Time so lavish
Of dear perfection, thus to see it spilled?
'T was worth an empire; now behold the ravish
That laid it low. The soaring plain is filled
With the wide-scattered letters of one word
Of loveliness that nevermore was spoken;
Nor ever shall its like again be heard:
Not dead is Art — but that high charm is broken.

Now moonlight builds with swift and mystic art
And makes the ruin whole — and yet not whole,
But exquisite, though crushed and torn apart.
Back to the temple steals its living soul:
In the star-silent night it comes all pale —
A spirit breathing beauty and delight,
And yet how stricken! Hark! I hear it wail,
Self-sorrowful, while every wound breathes white.

And though more sad than is the nightingale
That mourns in Lycabettus' fragrant pine,
That soul to mine brings solace; nor shall fail
To heal the heart of man while still doth shine
Yon planet, doubly bright in this deep blue;
Yon moon that brims with fire these violet hills:
For Beauty is of God, and God is true,
And with His strength the soul of mortal fills.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CVII.

MY friend, all speech and humor is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine *work* alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal.

Take courage, then — raise the arm — strike home and that right lustily — the citadel of Hope must yield to noble desire, thus seconded by noble efforts.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CVIII.

ART rests on a kind of religious sense, on a deep, steadfast earnestness; and on this account it unites so readily with religion.

GOETHE.

CIX.

PAINTING is the intermediate between a thought and a thing.

COLERIDGE.

CX.

RUSKIN.

PAINTER in words, on whose resplendent page,
Caught from the palette of the seven-hued bow,
The colors of our English Turner glow, —
Silver of silent stars, the storm's red rage,
The spray of mountain streams, rocks gray with age,
Gold of Athena, white of Alpine snow,
Cool green of forests, blue of lakes below,
And sunset-crimsoned skies, — O seer and sage,
Crowned with wild olive, fine of sense and sight,
In thy prophetic voice, through work, trade, strife,
The stones cry out: "By truth the nations live,
And by injustice die. Be thy weights right,
Thy measures true. These be the lamps that give
The way of beauty and the path of life."

R. R. BOWKER.

CXI.

ANY SCULPTOR TO ANY MODEL.

I KNOW not anything more fair than thou. —
God give me strength to feel thee, power to speak
Through this dumb clay and marble all the thoughts
That rise within my spirit while I gaze! —

What saith the Scripture? In His image God
Shaped man, and breathed into his nostrils breath
Of life. — Here then, as nowhere else, shines God;
The Thought made flesh, the world's soul breathing soft
And strong, not merely through those lips and eyes,
But in each flawless limb, each mighty curve,
Each sinew moulded on the moving form.
Until thou camest, the world and all it held
Was even as Memnon ere he felt the sun;
Then Man stepped forth, the Spirit sprang to light,
Earth found her voice, and heaven with music thrilled.
Nought is there therefore in thee but is pure,
Perfect, compact of correspondences,
Whereby the poems of the soul are read
In symbols fashioned from the plastic form.
Yea, it is mine by Art, the hierophant
Of myriads when these moving lips are dumb,
To find thy meaning, and to speak it forth
Through marble and through bronze that shall not fade;
Making thy moulded shape — not face alone,
But hands, breast, lifted arms, firm limbs, that tell
Of service, strength, will, conquest, energy —
One message for the minds of those that know.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

CXII.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

LITTLE Son, little Son, climb up to my breast,
And lie amid its warmth at rest.
But shut those stranger eyes from me,
My Rose, my Sorrow, my Peace divine,
And call me "Mother," and not "Mary,"
Although thou art not mine.

O weep not if I hold thee tight,
For 'mid unheeding kine at night
I dream thee weak and needing me,
Forget thy royalty, croon and coo,
Pretend thee little, and handle thee
As other mothers do.

Thine eyes are closed, but He who keeps
Watch over Israel never sleeps!
And when I sleepless lie by thee
Thy little hands mine eyes do blind
And move across them soothingly,
And feel so large and kind.

It is I would climb to thy little breast.
O hold me there and let me rest!
It is I am weak and weary and small,
And thy soft arms can carry me.
So put them under me, God, my All,
And let me quiet be.

ALICE ARCHER JAMES.

CXIII.

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE, BY GIOTTO.

CAN this be thou who, lean and pale,
With such immitigable eye
Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,
And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance
Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's glee,
Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee
And with proud hands control its fiery prance?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round brow,
And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,
Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy Land;—
No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald-shadow ere the eclipse
Notches the perfect disk with gloom;
A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her gates,
And Grief had loosed her clutch and let thee free.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly
The beckonings of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the world's decree,
A banished man in field and mart;
Harder than Florence' walls the bar
Which with deaf sternness holds him far
From home and friends, till death's release,
And makes his only prayer for peace,
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CXIV.

ANTINOUS OF THE VATICAN.

ANTINOUS, upon thy brow of snow
It seems as if the gathered sunshine lay
Of ages, and about thy sweet lips play
The same glad smiles that wreathed them long ago.
Thy curls' luxuriant clusters seem to glow
With the old life; we almost hear thee say
The word thou usedst to murmur in that day
When love's kiss burned on thy mouth's perfect bow.
O sweetest youth that ever human eyes
Have gazed upon, thou mak'st the heart grow warm
Of him who lifts his glance to thee above.
And thine, besides the charm of face and form,
His higher fame of whom the poet cries:
"How noble is his end who dies for love!"[1]

OWEN INNSLY. (*Lucy W. Jennison.*)

[1] Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more!
PETRARCH.

CXV.

IN THE COURT OF THE LIONS: BY MOONLIGHT.

THESE lions were sculptured centuries ago
In that fair court a Sultan made for her
Who was his heart's delight. Her worshiper
Was he whom all men worshiped; proving so
His love and homage that the ages know
How fair she was, and how at softest stir
Of her soft robes — as these proud courts aver —
His kingly heart with kingly love did glow;

Till he bade crafty workmen come and make
A palace, lovely for her lovely sake,
Thick-set with gems, with many a sculptured space
Wrought cunningly out of the creamy stone
To frame the dusky beauty of her face, —
Still on those courts the white moon shines, but *they* are gone!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

(*Copyright*, 1889, *by Roberts Brothers.*)

CXVI.

VENUS OF MILO.

GRACE, majesty, and the calm bliss of life:
No conscious war 'twixt human will and duty;
Here breathes, forever free from pain and strife,
The old, untroubled pagan world of beauty.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CXVII.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*standing before a model of St. Peter's.*)

BETTER than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond the color
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?

. . . . . .

I have no friends and want none. My own thoughts
Are now my sole companions,—thoughts of her,
That like a benediction from the skies

Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
. . . My work is here,
And only here, the building of St. Peter's.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CXVIII.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

"MINE be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do naught in the world (but Work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,—
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'T is the Art at the Door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 't will be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CXIX.

UNDER RAPHAEL'S MAGDALENE.

BE merciful. God's gracious hand
Has hedged you round. From scarlet brand
Of sin as sore His care has kept,
Or like her you, too, might have wept;
How dare you judge? But for the chance
Of birth, blood, friends, and circumstance,
Clay of the self-same mould you are,
And tempted, might have fallen as far.
Bow, haughty head! Your conscious worth
Pales in the sight of heaven and earth,
Beside repentant grief and shame.
Not ours to prate of praise or blame,
When she who seems most lost may stand
Nearer some day to God's right hand
Than you or I. We do not know.
Be merciful. Her Christ was so.

C. MORTON SCIPLE.

CXX.

WITH hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

SHELLEY.

CXXI.

IN morals, as in art, saying is nothing, doing is all.

RENAN.

CXXII.

AN ENGRAVING, AFTER MURILLO.

A DAUGHTER of the centuries of art
Offered for sale in a shop window lay.
When southern nature lent each precious part
To form that woman, in his genial way
The Spanish painter made his glowing heart
Look warmly from her eyes, — a summer's day
Hide all its fragrant secrets in her breast:
Made lovely lovelier, with love expressed.

Long, long ago she lived; long, long ago
That happy painter wrought who saw her face —
Painting, with blood and milk, the tropic glow
That lit her cheeks for his dearest solace.
But yesterday with patient hand and slow,
Another artist did her beauties trace;
With soft gray graven lines, and taste refined,
Chilled native fervor with the touch of mind.

Still modestly the picture seemed to live,
And in itself contain the work of all
Who ever lived for art: yea, and to give
Some trait of each, and tenderly recall
Thought-mellowing hours, hours contemplative.
. . . In a shop window, an engraving small,
Faint image from Murillo's ardent heart,
Gray daughter of the centuries of art.

MARRION WILCOX.

CXXIII.

A VERY WOFUL BALLADE OF THE ART CRITIC.

(To E. A. Abbey.)

A Spirit came to my sad bed,
And weary sad that night was I,
Who 'd tottered, since the dawn was red,
Through miles of Grosvenor Gallery,
Yea, leagues of long Academy
Awaited me when morn grew white,
'T was then the Spirit whispered nigh,
"Take up the pen, my friend, and write!

"Of many a portrait gray as lead,
Of many a mustard-colored sky,
Say much, where little should be said,
Lay on thy censure dexterously,
With microscopic glances pry
At textures, Tadema's delight,
Praise foreign swells they always sky,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

I answered, "'T is for daily bread,
A sorry crust, I ween, and dry,
That still, with aching feet and head,
I push this lawful industry,
'Mid pictures hung or low, or high,
But, touching that which I indite,
Do artists hold me lovingly?
Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

The Spirit writeth in form of Envoy.

"They fain would black thy dexter eye,
They hate thee with a bitter spite;
But scribble since thou must, or die,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

ANDREW LANG.

CXXIV.

FEMME INCONNUE OF THE LOUVRE.

SHE lived in Florence centuries ago,
That lady smiling there.
What was her name or rank I do not know, —
I know that she was fair.

For some great man — his name, like hers, forgot
And faded from men's sight —
Loved her — he *must* have loved her — and has wrought
This bust for our delight.

Whether he gained her love or had her scorn,
Full happy was his fate.
He saw her, heard her speak; he was not born
Four hundred years too late!

The palace throngs in every room but this;
Here I am left alone.
Love — there is none to see — I press a kiss
Upon thy lips of stone.

KENYON COX.

CXXV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming
A something it is not, surpasses them
As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,
Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost
Writhing in pain; and as it tore away
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands
This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.
If God should give me power in my old age
To build for Him a temple half as grand
As those were in their glory, I should count
My age more excellent than youth itself,
And all that I have hitherto accomplished
As only vanity.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CXXVI.

NEAR AMSTERDAM

(After Albert Cuyp.)

SOBER gray skies and ponderous clouds,
With gaps between of pallid blues;
Bluff breezes stirring the brown canal;
A broad, flat meadow's myriad hues

Of soft and changeful breadths of green,
Barred with the silvery grass that bows
By straight canals, and dotted o'er
With black and white of basking cows;

And distant sails of hidden ships
The ceaseless windmills show or hide,
Through languid willows white they gleam,
And over red-tiled houses glide.

Two sturdy lads with wooden shoes
Go clumping down the reed-fringed dyke,
And tow a broad-bowed boat, where dreams
The quaint, sweet virgin of Van Eyck.

And slipt from out the revel high,
Where gay Franz Hals has bid him sit,
Above the bridge, his lazy pipe
Smokes placidly the stout De Witt.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

CXXVII.

PORTRAIT D'UNE DAME ESPAGNOLE.

(Fortuny.)

THE hand that drew thee lies in Roman soil,
Whilst on the canvas thou hast deathless grown,
Endued by him who deemed it meaner toil
To give the world a portrait save thine own.

Yet had he found thy peer, and Rome forborne
Such envy of his conquest over Time,
Beauty had waked, and Art another morn
Had gained, and ceased to sorrow for her prime.

What spirit was it — where the masters are —
Brooding the gloom and glory that were Spain,
Through centuries waited in its orb afar,
Until our age Fortuny's brush should gain?

What stroke but his who pictured in their state
Queen, beggar, noble, Philip's princely brood,
Could thus the boast of Seville recreate,
Even when one like thee before him stood?

Like thee, own child of Spain, whose beauteous pride,
Desire, disdain, all sins thy mien express,
Should need no absolution — hadst thou died
Unhouselled, in their imaged loveliness.

All this had Fate decreed, — the antique skill,
The halt, the poise, the long auspicious day, —
Yielding this once, thy triumph to fulfil,
Velasquez's sceptre to Fortuny's sway.

Shine from thy cloud of night, fair star, nor fear
Oblivion, though men thy dust inurn,
For who may bid thy counterpart appear
Until the hand that drew thee shall return!

E. C. Stedman.

CXXVIII.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(Suggested by the Picture of Holman Hunt.)

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,
Exiled from heaven by love at Thy birth,
Exiled again from Thy rest in the manger,
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth —
Cheer with Thy fellowship all who are weary,
Wandering far from the land that they love;
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary
Safe to its home in Thy presence above.

Henry Van Dyke.

CXXIX

Art, properly so called, is no recreation; it cannot be learned at spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do. It is no handiwork for drawing-room tables, no relief of the ennui of boudoirs; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all. To advance it, men's lives must be given, and to receive it their hearts.

John Ruskin.

CXXX.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(Called "The Faultless Painter.")

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I 'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept to his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I 'll content him, — but to-morrow, Love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if — forgive now — should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve.
For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so —

My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
— How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet —
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks — no one's: very dear, no less.
You smile? why, there 's my picture ready made,
There 's what we painters call our harmony!
A common grayness silvers everything, —
All in a twilight, you and I alike
— You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That 's gone, you know), — but I, at every point;
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There 's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape,
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber, for example — turn your head —
All that 's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak:

And that cartoon, the second from the door
— It is the thing, Love! so such things should be:
Behold Madonna! — I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —
Do easily, too — when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 't is easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies, that 's long past:
I do what many dream of, all their lives,
— Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive — you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat, —
Yet do much less, so much less, Some one says,
(I know his name, no matter) — so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,

Reach many a time a heaven that 's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a word —
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what 's a heaven for? All is silver-gray,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain;
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'er-looked the world!"
No doubt.
Yonder 's a work now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
('T is copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art — for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put — and there again —
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,

Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right — that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight and the stretch —
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think —
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you — oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
"God and the glory! never care for gain.
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
I might have done it for you. So it seems:
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will 's somewhat — somewhat, too, the power —
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

'T is safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes: I must bear it all.
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,
And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless . . . but I know—
'T is done and past; 't was right, my instinct said;
Too live the life grew, golden and not gray:
And I 'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt

Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your heart.
The triumph was, to have ended there; then, if
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
The Roman's is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife"—
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . . .
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there 's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
To Rafael's!— And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,

Give the chalk here — quick, thus the line
should go!
Ay, but the soul! he 's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance so lost, —
Is, whether you 're — not grateful — but more
pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
See, it is settled dusk now; there 's a star;
Morello 's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, love, — come in, at last,
Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me: oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go?
That cousin here again? he waits outside?
Must see you — you, and not with me? Those
loans?
More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?
Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to
spend?

While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work 's my ware, and what 's it worth?
I 'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The gray remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,
One picture, just one more — the Virgin's face,
Not yours this time! I want you at my side
To hear them — that is, Michel Agnolo —
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand — there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs: the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same cousin's freak. Beside,
What 's better and what 's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
The cousin! what does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less,
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis! — it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? you see

How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they
died:
And I have labored somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures — let him try!
No doubt, there 's something strikes a balance.
Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one
have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more
chance —
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me
To cover — the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So — still they overcome
Because there 's still Lucrezia, — as I choose.

Again the cousin's whistle! Go, my love.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CXXXI.

MICHELANGELO'S MOSES.

THE captain's might, and mystery of the seer —
Remoteness of Jehovah's colloquist,
Nearness of man's heaven-advocate — are here:
Alone Mount Nebo's harsh foreshadow is
miss'd.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CXXXII.

THE NEW COLOSSUS.[1]

NOT like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

EMMA LAZARUS.

CXXXIII.

BUT I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerrotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

O. W. HOLMES.

[1] Written in aid of Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, 1883.

CXXXIV.

BEFORE TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AT NINETY.

(In the Gallery of the Prado at Madrid.)

O GENTLE fiery soul, what can thy fame
Receive of homage that has not been brought?
Master of masters! may the secret caught
By thee from whispering Death forever shame
The faltering toiler, may its power be flame
To wither doubt and fear that set at nought
Divinest summons! May thy portrait wrought
By thee in age inspire renewed high aim!
Lo! by thine art triumphant martyrs kneel,
Or saints and kings the Holy Child adore;
On yonder wall the Emperor Carlos rides,
Yet here thy soul more dauntlessly abides.
Thy powers in waning mightily reveal
Beauty and nobleness unguessed before!

MINNA CAROLINE SMITH.

CXXXV.

O 'ER the Rembrandt there — the Caracci here —
Flutter warmly the ruddy and wavering hues;
And Saint Anthony over his book has a leer
At the little French beauty by Greuze.

OWEN MEREDITH.

CXXXVI.

GENIUS does what it must, and talent does what it can.

OWEN MEREDITH.

CXXXVII.

THE WINGED VICTORY.

On the dim borders of an ancient world
For one breath's space, there stood a heavenly form;
Perfectly fair, perfectly beautiful.
Born of men's best and of men's worst desires
Born of best hope and half-conceived success,
Pæans of all worlds ringing out her birth,
The swift-hushed strife of nations in her ears,
Hot kisses shaken from a thousand lips
Rained on the sand her foot spurned; eyes wine-bleared
Looked up, and from hoarse throats half drunk with blood
Hosannas broke. "Oh greeting, greeting — Hail!"
The hands of kings, fine ringed; the statesman's hand,
Mighty, thick-fingered, full of pride and power;
The mailed glove of war, — the sages' hands,
The yellow, miser, gold-absorbing hand,
The poet's, and the hand with brush and pen,
Rose like a laurel yielding wood of trees
Acclaimed, besought, "oh greeting, greeting Hail!"
Under the breeze-swift accent of her foot
A strange bark pressed its curved prow to sea.
(Oh gods, what from her face and body's shrine
Of perfect beauty have ye yet withheld
That an immortal still may equal her

If not excel?)
Slow rising from the seas,
And morning lands of lilies, and cold hills
Stirred wandering mists, and creeping came to her
Encircled, and clung close.
From head to foot,
Across her loins, up to her swelling breast
Took curve, and line and fold, and half-way fell
From the round, lovely, gently swelling sphere.
Then the four winds of heaven met and took form.
With the cold brusqueness of the virgin North,—
And strong eternal sweeping of the East, —
And vague voluptuous languor of the South,
And fresh wide-reaching fortune of the West, —
Melted, and kissed and knit themselves to wings.
Thus mist clad, and wind winged, she moved to life.
Under her foot the galley put to sea
She winged it, bore it, sped it; turning not
For all the glad sea islands of the dawn;
For all the sapphire havens of the night;
For all the gala portals of the world;
The fluttering brilliant banners, the acclaims
The martial, fame-compelling festivals
Broke not her dream, and but one zephyr stirred
The vapors of her clinging draperies.

To one bright island in the Ægean Sea,
To Greece, to blue-bound smiling Samothrace
She sped, and high upon the shelving shore

The galley ran its prow not to be stirred
For twice a thousand years:
And thus she came
To the heart summonings of half a race,
Into the golden age of Greece and Song
An Inspiration, Poem, Form, a Dream
Genius conceived, love born, art perfected.
And to that island only, (bright sea bound
That mirage, that rose garden where love was)
The winged Victory came,
With those who loved,
Who died warm-hearted, glowing lip on lip
Part of the art and glory of the time,
She laid her down in golden dust to sleep
Ages and ages.
And it is to those
Who love and sleep as if the Victory
Ever beside them, mingles dust with dust
Beauty with ashes.
In whatever dawn
Their eyes shall see, they look to see her face,
To wake in her embrace, as one with her,
Winged, Victorious.

MARIE VAN VORST.

CXXXVIII.

NOBLE art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul; and great souls are not common things.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CXXXIX.

ON BEETHOVEN COMPOSING "THE MOONLIGHT SONATA."

(To the Picture-Sketch by Benjamin Constant.)

DEEP shadows fall upon the simple room
That genius fills with heavenly peace brought near
In melody to touch all those who hear —
Which there intoned will echo till Earth's doom.
'T is born of midnight dark, from out the womb
Of pain, the misery of deafness drear;
Yet when it sounds dull grief doth disappear
And gladness dawns displacing worldly gloom.
For see! how bathed in dream of mystic light
He sat, the moonbeams on his massive brow
And front, as inspiration to endow
His soul that hour with music's rarest might,
Which trembled urgent from the quaint clavier
In accents so divinely pure and clear.

J. MURRAY TEMPLETON.

CXL.

A MADONNA OF FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

NO Heavenly maid we here behold,
Though round her brow a ring of gold;
This baby, solemn-eyed and sweet,
Is human all from head to feet.

Together close her palms are prest
In worship of that godly guest:
But glad her heart and unafraid
While on her neck his hand is laid.

Two children, happy, laughing, gay,
Uphold the little child in play;
Not flying angels these, what though
Four wings from their four shoulders grow.

Fra Lippo, we have learned from thee
A lesson of humanity;
To every mother's heart forlorn,
In every house the Christ is born.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CXLI.

ON RAPHAEL'S ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.

FROM out the depths of crocus-colored morn
With rush of wings the strong Archangel came
And glistening spear; and leapt as leaps a flame
On Satan unprepared and earthward borne;
And rolled the sunless Rebel, bruised and torn,
Upon the earth's bare plain, in dust and shame,
Holding awhile his spear's suspended aim
Above his humbled head in radiant scorn.

So leaps within the soul on Wrong or Lust
The warrior Angel whom we deem not near,
And rolls the rebel impulse in the dust,
Scathing its neck with his triumphal tread,
And holding high his bright coercing spear
Above its inexterminable head.

E. LEE HAMILTON.

CXLII.

ROMNEY'S REMORSE.

I read Hayley's "Life of Romney" the other day — Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter: but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoilt an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures! even as a matter of Art, I am sure. — *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, Vol. I.

'BEAT, little heart — I give you this and this.'
Who are you? What! the Lady Hamilton?
Good, I am never weary painting you.
To sit once more? Cassandra, Hebe, Joan,
Or spinning at your wheel beside the vine —
Bacchante, what you will; and if I fail
To conjure and concentrate into form
And color all you are, the fault is less
In me than Art. What Artist ever yet
Could make pure light live on the canvas? Art!
Why should I so disrelish that short word?
Where am I? snow on all the hills! so hot,
So fever'd! never colt would more delight
To roll himself in meadow grass than I
To wallow in that winter of the hills.
Nurse, were you hired? or came of your own will
To wait on one so broken, so forlorn?
Have I not met you somewhere long ago?

I am all but sure I have — in Kendal church —
O, yes! I hired you for a season there,
And then we parted; but you look so kind
That you will not deny my sultry throat
One draught of icy water. There — you spill
The drops upon my forehead. Your hand shakes.
I am ashamed. I am a trouble to you,
Could kneel for your forgiveness. Are they tears?
For me — they do me too much grace — for me?
O Mary, Mary!
Vexing you with words!
Words only, born of fever, or the fumes
Of that dark opiate dose you gave me, — words,
Wild babble. I have stumbled back again
Into the common day, the sounder self.
God stay me there, if only for your sake,
The truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted wife
That ever wore a Christian marriage-ring.
My curse upon the Master's apothegm,
That wife and children drag an artist down!
This seem'd my lodestar in the heaven of Art,
And lured me from the household fire on earth.
To you my days have been a lifelong lie,
Grafted on half a truth; and tho' you say,
'Take comfort, you have won the Painter's fame,'
The best in me that sees the worst in me,
And groans to see it, finds no comfort there.

What fame? I am not Raphael, Titian — no
Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry.
Wrong there! The painter's fame? but mine, that grew
Blown into glittering by the popular breath,
May float awhile beneath the sun, may roll
The rainbow hues of heaven about it —
There!
The color'd bubble bursts above the abyss
Of Darkness, utter Lethe.
Is it so?
Her sad eyes plead for my own fame with me
To make it dearer.
Look, the sun has risen
To flame along another dreary day.
Your hand. How bright you keep your marriage ring!
Raise me. I thank you.
Has your opiate then
Bred this black mood? or am I conscious, more
Than other Masters, of the chasm between
Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom of Age
And suffering cloud the height I stand upon
Even from myself? stand? stood — no more.
And yet
The world would lose, if such a wife as you
Should vanish unrecorded. Might I crave
One favor? I am bankrupt of all claim
On your obedience, and my strongest wish
Falls flat before your least unwillingness.
Still would you — if it please you — sit to me?

. . . There, there, there! a child
Had shamed me at it — Down, you idle tools,
Stampt into dust — tremulous, all awry,
Blurr'd like a landskip in a ruffled pool, —
Not one stroke firm. This Art, that harlot-like
Seduced me from you, leaves me harlot-like,
Who love her still, and whimper, impotent
To win her back before I die — and then —
Then, in the loud world's bastard judgment-day,
One truth will damn me with the mindless mob,
Who feel no touch of my temptation, more
Than all the myriad lies, that blacken round
The corpse of every man that gains a name;
'This model husband, this fine Artist!' Fool,
What matters? Six foot deep of burial mould
Will dull their comments! Ay, but when the shout
Of His descending peals from heaven, and throbs
Thro' earth and all her graves, if *He* should ask
'Why left you wife and children? for my sake,
According to my word?' and I replied
'Nay, Lord, for *Art*,' why, that would sound so mean
That all the dead, who wait the doom of hell
For bolder sins than mine, adulteries,
Wife-murders, — nay, the ruthless Mussulman
Who flings his bowstrung harem in the sea,
Would turn, and glare at me, and point and jeer,
And gibber at the worm who, living, made

The wife of wives a widow-bride, and lost
Salvation for a sketch.
I am wild again!
The coals of fire you heap upon my head
Have crazed me. . . .
O let me lean my head upon your breast.
'Beat, little heart' on this fool brain of mine.
I once had friends — and many — none like you.
I love you more than when we married. Hope!
O yes, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps,
Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence —
For you forgive me, you are sure of that —
Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CXLIII.

THE habitual choice of sacred subjects, such as the Nativity, Transfiguration, Crucifixion (if the choice be sincere), implies that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him, so far forth, a painter of the highest order, as, for instance, Leonardo, in his painting of the Last Supper: he who delights in representing the acts or meditations of great men, as, for instance, Raphael painting the School of Athens, is, so far forth, a painter of the second order: he who represents the passions and events of ordinary life, of the third.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CXLIV.

FOR "THE WINE OF CIRCE," BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

DUSK-HAIRED and gold-robed o 'er the golden wine
She stoops, wherein, distilled of death and shame,
Sink the black drops; while lit with fragrant flame,
Round her spread board the golden sunflowers shine.
Doth Helios here with Hecatè combine
(O Circe, thou their votaress!) to proclaim
For these thy guests all rapture in love's name,
Till pitiless Night give Day the countersign?

Lords of their hour, they come. And by her knee
Those cowering beasts, their equals heretofore,
Wait; who with them in new equality
To-night shall echo back the unchanging roar
Which sounds forever from the tide-strown shore
Where the dishevelled seaweed hates the sea.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

CXLV.

SCULPTURE is the art of discarding superfluities.

A. CANOVA.

CXLVI.

EASTER IN FLORENCE.

. . . . . .

THE echoes of a bygone strife
Seemed surging round the dark Bargello;
Marble and bronze sprang fresh to life
Beneath the wand of Donatello:
"Night" seemed to sleep, and "Dawn" to wake
Behind the walls of old St. Lawrence,—
There hung a spell we would not break
About our Eastertide at Florence.

. . . . . .

Past canvases, by years undimmed,
From Antwerp, Nuremberg, and Cadiz,
To mark how nobly Titian limned
Gray senators and high-born ladies.

From grave Mantegna's glowing reds
To soft Correggio's milder graces;
From Botticelli's down-cast heads,
To bright Andrea's smiling faces;
And that good Friar, to whom alone
Of mortal men was spirit given
To pierce the veil that shrouds the Throne,
And paint the golden courts of Heaven.

Silent we stood, in deepest awe,
Where Raphael's hand has set forever
The whirlwind Israel's prophet saw
In vision by the captives' river:

Silent, where sits in loveliest guise
The wistful Virgin Mother, leaning
To watch her wondrous Infant's eyes,
Enkindled with divinest meaning.
. . . . . .
Time mows away at memory's flowers,
He holds their perfume in abhorrence:
Freely we 'll yield him most of ours,
But not that Eastertide in Florence!

ROBERT, LORD HOUGHTON.

CXLVII.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein
His father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
To her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To her and to all lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord, — repent!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CXLVIII.

MILAN.

(Da Vinci's Christ.)

ALL day long, year after year,
Maid and man and priest and lay
Wander in from crowded streets,
And through the long, cool gallery stray.

And with them, in the fading light,
We loiter past the pictured wall,
Till lo! a face before us comes,
And something wistful seems to fall

From two strange eyes that speak to all;
For here a priest, and there a maid,
Two lads, a soldier, and a *bonne*,
Before the rail their steps have stayed.

What message bore this awful face,
Through all the waning centuries fled?
What says it to the gazer now?
What said it to the myriad dead

Who came and went like us to-day,
And, pausing here in silence, all
In silence laid their weight of sins
Before this still confessional?

A face more sad man never dreamed,
A face more sweet man never wrought;
So solemn-sad, so solemn-sweet,
Serenely set in quiet thought.

The silent sunlight slips away,
The soldiers pass, the *bonne* goes by;
The painter drapes his copy in,
And stops his work and heaves a sigh.

And followed by those eyes, that have
The patience of eternity,
We carry to the bustling street
Their loving *Benedicite*.

S. Weir Mitchell.

CXLIX.

UNPAID WORK.

He hit the world's taste, and for what he gave
It more than paid him — fame and fortune squander'd.
He overdid its taste — became its slave;
It bought him, and he pander'd.

'T is well to be repaid for what you give:
To work unpaid, for love of work, is better —
Bestowing all for nothing while you live —
And leave the world your debtor.

Robert Leighton.

CL.

He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

Washington Allston.

CLI.

BEAUTY.

THERE is not anything the soul more craves
Than Beauty. It exalts the merest line
That through our every-day experience waves —
Seeks blindly the Divine.

For what in very truth is this we crave,
Which neither loads the board nor fills the purse,
Yet, wanting which, the earth were but a grave,
And life itself a curse?

The visual presence of the living God,
That permeates creation, comes and goes
In substance and in shadow, greens the sod,
And paints and scents the rose:

And flows through man into his works of art —
The picture's glow, the statue's breathing gleam; —
For not a touch of Beauty stirs the heart
But comes of the Supreme!

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

CLII.

IN some sense a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in color means at all; bright tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CLIII.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

I AM poor brother Lippo, by your leave
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks! what 's to blame? you think you see a monk!
What, 't is past midnight, and you go the rounds,
And here you catch me at an alley's end
Where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar?
The Carmine 's my cloister: hunt it up,
Do, — harry out, if you must show your zeal,
Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole,
And nip each softling of a wee white mouse,
Weke, *weke*, that 's crept to keep him company!
Aha! you know your betters? Then, you 'll take
Your hand away that 's fiddling on my throat,
And please to know me likewise. Who am I?
Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend
Three streets off — he 's a certain . . . how d'ye call?
Master — a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,
I' the house that caps the corner. Boh! you were best!
Remember and tell me the day you 're hanged,
How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!
But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves
Pick up a manner, nor discredit you:
Zooks! are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets
And count fair prize what comes into their net?

He 's Judas to a tittle, that man is!
Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends.
Lord, I 'm not angry! Bid your hang-dogs go
Drink out this quarter-florin to the health
Of the munificent House that harbors me
(And many more beside, lads! more beside!)
And all 's come square again. I 'd like his face —
His, elbowing on his comrade in the door
With the pike and lantern, — for the slave that holds
John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair
With one hand ("Look you, now," as who should say)
And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!
It 's not your chance to have a bit of chalk,
A wood-coal or the like? or you should see!
Yes, I 'm the painter, since you style me so.
What, brother Lippo's doings, up and down,
You know them, and they take you? like enough!
I saw the proper twinkle in your eye —
'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
Let 's sit and set things straight now, hip to haunch.
Here 's spring come, and the nights one makes up bands
To roam the town and sing out carnival,
And I 've been three weeks shut within my mew,
A-painting for the great man, saints and saints
And saints again. I could not paint all night —
Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.
There came a hurry of feet and little feet,

A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whiffs of song, —
Flower o' the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
Flower o' the thyme — and so on. Round they went.
Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter
Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight, — three slim shapes,
And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood
That 's all I 'm made of! Into shreds it went,
Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
All the bed furniture — a dozen knots,
There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,
And after them. I came up with the fun
Hard by Saint Lawrence, hail fellow, well met, —
Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
And so, as I was stealing back again,
To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work
On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast
With his great round stone to subdue the flesh,
You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!
Though your eye twinkles still, you shake your head —

Mine 's shaved — a monk, you say — the sting 's
in that!
If Master Cosimo announced himself,
Mum 's the word naturally; but a monk!
Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now!
I was a baby when my mother died
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
My stomach being empty as your hat,
The wind doubled me up and down I went.
Old aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand
(Its fellow was a stinger, as I knew),
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six words
there,
While I stood munching my first bread that
month:
"So, boy, you 're minded," quoth the good fat
father
Wiping his own mouth, 't was refection-time, —
"To quit this very miserable world?
Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful of
bread?" thought I;
By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to — all at eight years
old.
Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,

'T was not for nothing — the good bellyful,
The warm serge and the rope that goes all round,
And day-long blessed idleness beside!
"Let 's see what the urchin 's fit for" — that
came next.
Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do! They tried me with their books:
Lord, they 'd have taught me Latin in pure
waste!
Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is, "Amo" I love!
But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
And who will curse or kick him for his pains, —
Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped, —
How say I? — nay, which dog bites, which lets
drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street, —
Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition from the hunger-pinch.
I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
Which, after I found leisure, turned to use:
I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,
Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,

Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The monks
looked black.
"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out, d'ye
say?
In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine
And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! my head being crammed, the
walls a blank,
Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean: then, folks at church,
From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends,—
To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard, and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of Christ
(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years),
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head
(Which the intense eyes looked through), came
at eve

On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers
(The brute took growling), prayed, and so was gone.
I painted all, then cried, "'T is ask and have;
Choose, for more 's ready!" — laid the ladder flat,
And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.
The monks closed in a circle and praised loud
Till checked, taught what to see and not to see,
Being simple bodies, — "That 's the very man!
Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
That woman 's like the Prior's niece who comes
To care about his asthma; it 's the life!"
But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and funked;
Their betters took their turn to see and say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. "How? what 's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it 's devil's game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there 's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men —
Man's soul, and it 's a fire, smoke . . . no, it 's not . . .
It 's vapor done up like a new-born babe —

(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth),
It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
That sets us praising,—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time!
Oh! that white smallish female with the breasts,
She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I would say,—
Who went and danced, and got men's heads cut off!
Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go farther
And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks naught.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?

Suppose I 've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them threefold?
Or say there 's beauty with no soul at all —
(I never saw it — put the case the same —)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That 's somewhat: and you 'll find the soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him thanks.
"Rub all out!" Well, well, there 's my life, in short,
And so the thing has gone on ever since.
I 'm grown a man, no doubt, I 've broken bounds:
You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls,
I 'm my own master, paint now as I please —
Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-house!
Lord, it 's fast holding by the rings in front —
Those great rings serve more purposes than just
To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse!
And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
The heads shake still, — "It 's art's decline, my son!
You 're not of the true painters, great and old;
Brother Angelico 's the man, you 'll find;
Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer:
Fag on at flesh, you 'll never make the third!"
Flower o' the pine,

You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!
I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must know!
Don't you think they're the likeliest to know,
They with their Latin? So, I swallow my rage,
Clinch my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint
To please them — sometimes do, and sometimes don't;
For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come
A turn, some warm eve finds me at my saints —
A laugh, a cry, the business of the world —
(*Flower o' the peach,*
Death for us all, and his own life for each!)
And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs over,
The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,
And I do these wild things in sheer despite,
And play the fooleries you catch me at
In pure rage! The old mill-horse, out at grass
After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so,
Although the miller does not preach to him
The only good of grass is to make chaff.
What would men have? Do they like grass or no —
May they or may n't they? all I want's the thing
Settled forever one way. As it is,
You tell too many lies and hurt yourself:
You don't like what you only like too much,
You do like what, if given you at your word,
You find abundantly detestable.

For me, I think I speak as I was taught.
I always see the garden, and God there
A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.
You understand me: I 'm a beast, I know.
But see, now — why, I see as certainly
As that the morning-star 's about to shine,
What will hap some day. We 've a youngster here
Comes to our convent, studies what I do,
Slouches and stares and let 's no atom drop:
His name is Guidi — he 'll not mind the monks —
They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them talk —
He picks my practice up — he 'll paint apace,
I hope so — though I never live so long,
I know what 's sure to follow. You be judge!
You speak no Latin more than I, belike;
However, you 're my man, you 've seen the world
— The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights, and shades,
Changes, surprises, — and God made it all!
— For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What 's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last of course! — you say.
But why not do as well as say, — paint these

Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works — paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already; nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her — (which you can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat her, then."
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
And trust me but you should, though! How much more
If I drew higher things with the same truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh
It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
"Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!"
Strikes in the Prior: "when your meaning's plain

It does not say to folks — remember matins,
Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why, for this
What need of art at all? A skull and bones,
Two bits of stick nailed cross-wise, or, what 's best,
A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.
I painted a Saint Lawrence six months since
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style:
"How looks my painting, now the scaffold 's down?"
I asked a brother: "Hugely," he returns —
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves
Who turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But 's scratched and prodded to our heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own
With coming to say prayers there in a rage:
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow i' the crowd —
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang the fools!

— That is — you 'll not mistake an idle word
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me, now
It 's natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse himself:

And hearken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece
. . . There 's for you! Give me six months, then go, see
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless the nuns!
They want a cast o' my office. I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to church at midsummer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint or two—
Saint John, because he saves the Florentines,
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white
The convent's friends and gives them a long day,
And Job, I must have him there past mistake,
The man of Uz (and Us without the *z*,
Painters who need his patience). Well, all these
Secured at their devotion, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo! I!—
Mazed, motionless, and moon-struck—I 'm the man!
Back I shrink—what is this I see and hear?
I, caught up with my monk's things by mistake,
My old serge gown and rope that goes all round,
I, in this presence, this pure company!

Where 's a hole, where 's a corner for escape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward, puts out a soft palm — "Not so fast!"
— Addresses the celestial presence, "nay —
He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he 's none of you! Could Saint John there, draw —
His camel-hair made up a painting-brush?
We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!" So, all smile —
I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you 're gay
And play hot cockles, all the doors being shut
Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hot-head husband! Thus I scuttle off
To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing
That spoke the good word for me in the nick,
Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy, I would say.
And so all 's saved for me, and for the church
A pretty picture gained. Go, six months hence!
Your hand, sir, and good-by: no lights, no lights!
The street 's hushed, and I know my own way back.
Don't fear me! There 's the gray beginning. Zooks!

ROBERT BROWNING.

CLIV.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES ON A PORTRAIT OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, PAINTED BY KNELLER.

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw: but oh! 't is vain to try;
My narrow genius does the power deny.
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue 's joined;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

ALEXANDER POPE.

CLV.

ART.

THE thousand painful steps at last are trod,
At last the temple's difficult door we win;
But perfect on his pedestal, the god
Freezes us hopeless when we enter in.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CLVI.

IN framing artists,
Art hath thus decreed
To make some good, but others to exceed.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLVII.

TURNER'S OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

(Under a Figure symbolizing the Church.)

THOU wast the fairest of all man-made things;
The breath of heaven bore up thy cloudy wings,
And, patient in their triple rank,
The thunders crouched about thy flank,
Their black lips silent with the doom of kings.

The storm-wind loved to rock him in thy pines,
And swell thy vans with breath of great designs;
Long-wildered pilgrims of the main
By thee relaid their course again,
Whose prow was guided by celestial signs.

How didst thou trample on tumultuous seas,
Or, like some basking sea-beast stretched at ease,
Let the bull-fronted surges glide
Caressingly along thy side,
Like glad hounds leaping by the huntsman's knees!

Heroic feet with fire of genius shod,
In battle's ecstasy thy deck have trod,
While from their touch a fulgor ran
Through plank and spar; from man to man,
Welding thee to a thunderbolt of God.

Now a black demon, belching fire and steam,
Drags thee away, a pale, dismantled dream,
And all thy desecrated bulk
Must landlocked lie, a helpless hulk,
To gather weeds in the regardless stream.

Woe 's me, from Ocean's sky-horizoned air
To this! Better, the flame-cross still aflare,
Shot-shattered to have met thy doom
Where thy last lightnings cheered the gloom,
Than here be safe in dangerless despair.

Thy drooping symbol to the flagstaff clings,
Thy rudder soothes the tide to lazy rings,
Thy thunders now but birthdays, greet,
Thy planks forget the martyr's feet,
Thy masts what challenges the sea-wind brings.

Thou a mere hospital, where human wrecks,
Like winter-flies, crawl those renownèd decks,
Ne'er trodden save by captive foes,
And wonted sternly to impose
God's will and thine on bowed imperial necks!

Shall nevermore, engendered of thy fame,
A new sea-eagle heir thy conqueror name,
And with commissioned talons wrench
From thy supplanter's grimy clench
His sheath of steel, his wings of smoke and flame?

This shall the pleased eyes of our children see;
For this the stars of God long even as we;
Earth listens for his wings; the Fates
Expectant lean; Faith cross-propt waits,
And the tired waves of Thought's insurgent sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CLVIII.

OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS.

(By Leonardo da Vinci.)

MOTHER, is this the darkness of the end,
The Shadow of Death? and is that outer sea
Infinite imminent Eternity?
And does the death-pang by man's seed sustain'd
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he
Blesses the dead with his hand silently
To his long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
Keen as these rocks, and the bewildered souls
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
Amid the bitterness of things occult.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

CLIX.

A GREAT architect must be a great sculptor or painter. This is a universal law. No person who is not a great sculptor or painter *can* be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a *builder*. The three greatest architects hitherto known in the world were Phidias, Giotto, and Michael Angelo; with all of whom, architecture was only their play, sculpture and painting their work.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CLX.

SONNET ON BRITON RIVIÈRE'S PAINTING: DANIEL'S ANSWER TO THE KING.

"Ah, if 't were true, how greater far than song
The fact itself! An Hebrew prophet-seer
Alone, unharmed, where falchioned Death flames clear
From yellow eye-balls burning in a throng
Of lions; and, through instants roars prolong,
Pants with a blood-thirst, trembles at a tear
Just fallen from the prophet's Israel dear;
Then crouches, snarling like a vanquished wrong."

'T is true. What boots it, critic, thou dost doubt?
Open a soul's den. Ask Love's angel bound:
"Art safe?" Lo, crownéd Evil from above
Listens, through compromise, to hear Death's shout,
While sharp-clawed passions wander silent round,
Dazed, cowed, and conquered by transfigured love.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

CLXI.

BEAUTY alone endures from age to age,
From age to age endures, handmaid of God.

T. B. ALDRICH.

CLXII.

A MAGDALEN OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

I.

GERHARD DOW — LYS — CORREGGIO.

NOT she, whose fruitless tears avow a youth
Less yielded to warm love than basely sold;
Angry with shame, who clutches still her gold,
Drooped in satiety, not bound with ruth, —
Nor she, who mars with penances uncouth
Her fatal beauty, that no eyes behold
Save a skull's hollow orbs, yet overbold
Deems heaven's grace a debt to grief, forsooth —
Nor that dust-kissing face, whence sorrow's tooth
Has gnawed all passion, leaving it as cold
As her own emptied vase; whose hands enfold
The Book from which remorse has taught her truth —
Though still so fair in ruin, she might win
The world to doubt if sentence waits on sin.

II.

ZURBARAN — GUIDO.

ALONE, not lingering to adore or mourn,
First seen, first sent, from that transfigured grave,
With "go in peace" — to seek no desert-cave.
But loving, erring lives to lift and warm:
With prophet tears for sisters yet unborn,

She, first forgiven, only blessed, will crave
Their heritage in all her dear Lord gave;
Grace for crushed hearts, killed by the harsh
world's scorn —
Or rapt in vision, lifting eyes above
Softened through sorrow to ecstatic love,
Will hail the promise of the golden years
When balm shall be distilled from bitterest tears,
God's law rule man's, and all who, following her,
Love, to be lost, not unredeemed shall err.

A. R. MACDONOUGH.

CLXIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

O LORD of all compassionate control,
O Love! let this my lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise her name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole:
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
And refluent wave of the sweet smile, may
know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the enthroning throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to
me.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

CLXIV.

HIRAM POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

They say Ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien Image with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant
her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed not darkened where the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty against
man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs but west, and strike and shame the
strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

CLXV.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S SLAVE.

Of life, of death, the mystery and woe
Witness in this mute, carven stone the whole.
That suffering smile were never fashioned so
Before the world had wakened to a soul.

R. W. Gilder.

CLXVI.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

(Suggested by the Picture of Rembrandt in the National Gallery.)

MASTER, well done! thy sombre colors stoop,
As what they paint did, to the root of things!
Thy Christ hath eyes, whose weary glances droop,
Marred with much love, and all the ache it brings:
Thy children — soft, albeit, their Syrian grace —
Clasp sunburnt breasts, and drink of milk that cost
Sweat to provide it; from each mother's face
Is gone the bridal beauty; lapsed and lost
Bliss from these bondsmen; yet, how the Divine
Breaks through the clay! how Truth's gold gilds the story!
How longing for heaven's light makes earth's gloom shine!
How lovely, at its lowest, is love's glory!
We see Him as He sate in Palestine.

Lord Christ! these are the little ones that come!
Thou spakest, "Suffer them;" yea, Thou didst say,
"Forbid them not, for in my kingdom some
Are like to such!" O Lord! do Angels lay
Small aching heads on sorrow-laden bosoms?
Do Thy young angels toil, and starve and weep?

Hardly for these will ope life's morning blossoms
Before their days bring griefs, their nightly sleep
Dreams of the Roman whip. Ah, Master Mild!
Be some great secret of Thy kingdom said
To keep some grown man glad as this male child,
The woman pure as is that tender maid!
They "see Thy Father's face!" Then, how beguiled?

Little sweet sister, standing at His knee!
Small peasant sister! sucking at thy thumb,
Touched to thy tiny heart with the mystery,
Glad to be brought, but far too shy to come;
Ah! tremble, but steal closer; let it cover
All of thy head, that potent, piteous hand;
And, mothers! reach your round-eyed babies over
To take their turn, nought though they understand.
For these thereby are safe, being so kissed
By that Love's lips which kisses out of heaven;
And we, with little children, but no Christ,
Press near; perchance the blessing may be given
From theirs to ours, though we His face have missed.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

CLXVII.

THE PATHOS OF ART.

OFT seeing the old painters' art,
We find the tear unbidden start,
And feel our full hearts closer grow
To the far days of long ago.

Not burning faith, or godlike pain,
Can thus our careless thought enchain;
The heavenward gaze of souls sublime,
At once transcends, and conquers time.

Nor pictured form of seer or saint,
Which hands inspired delight to paint;
Art's highest aims of hand or tongue,
Age not, but are forever young.

But some imperfect, trivial scene,
Of homely life that once has been,
Of youth, so soon to pass away,
Of happy childhood's briefer day;

Or humble daily tasks portrayed,—
The thrifty mistress with her maid;
The flowers upon the casement set,
Which in our Aprils blossom yet:

The long processions never done;
The time-worn palace, scarce begun;
The gondolier, who plies his oar
For stately sirs or dames of yore;

The girl with fair hair morning-stirred,
Who swings her casement for her bird;
The hunt, the feast, the simple mirth
Which marks the marriage or the birth

The burly forms, from side to side,
Swift rolling on the frozen tide;
The long-haired knights; the ladies prim;
The chanted madrigal, or hymn;

The opera, with its stately throng;
The twilight church aisles stretching long;
The spires upon the wooded wold;
The dead pathetic life of old;—

These all the musing mind can fill—
So dead, so past, so living still:
Oh, dear dead lives! oh, hands long gone!
Whose life, whose Art still lingers on.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

CLXVIII.

IN youth the artist voweth lover's vows
To Art, in manhood maketh her his spouse.
Well if her charms yet hold for him such joy
As when he craved some boon and she was coy!

WILLIAM WATSON.

CLXIX.

THANK God, I, too, am a painter.

CORREGGIO.

CLXX.

AN HOUR IN A STUDIO (F. L.)

EACH picture was a painted memory
Of the fair plains he loved, and of their life
Weird, mystical, dark, inarticulate, —
And cities hidden high against the blue,
Whose sky-hung steps one Indian could guard.
The enchanted Mesa there its fated wall
Lifted, and all its story lived again, —
How, in the happy planting time, the strong
Went down to push the seeds into the sand,
Leaving the old and sick. Then reeled the world
And toppled to the plain the perilous path.
Death climbed another way to them who stayed.
He showed us pictured thirst, a dreadful sight;
And many tales he told that might have come, —
Brought by some planet-wanderer, — fresh from Mars,
Or from the silver deserts of the moon.

But I remember better than all else
One night he told of in that land of fright, —
The love-songs swarthy men sang to their herds
On the high plains to keep the beasts in heart;
Piercing the silence one keen tenor voice
Singing, "Ai nostri monte" clear and high
Instead of snakes and fences round about
They circled them with music in the night.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CLXXI.

ART.

SHE stood, a vision vestureless and fair,
Glowing the canvas with her orient grace:
A goddess grave she stood, with such a face
As in Elysium the immortals wear.
But some, unworthy, as they pondered there,
Cold to the marvel of her look divine,
Saw but a form undraped, in Beauty's shrine.

Then she, it seemed, rebuked them: "Old and young
Have worshiped at the temple where I breathe,
And deathless laurels, for my sake, enwreathe
The brows of him from whose pure thought I sprung:
Lips consecrate as yours his praise have sung,
Who neither sued for praise nor courted ease,
But reverently wrought, as from his knees.

"No raiment can the base or mean reclaim,
And that which sacred is must sacred be,
Clothed but in rags or robed in modesty.
In the endeavor still is felt the aim:
The workman may by skill exalt his name,
But, toiling fault and failure to redeem,
Cannot create what 's loftier than his dream.

"For chaste must be the soul that chastely sees,
The thought enlightened, and the insight sure
That separates the pure from the impure;

And who Earth's humblest faith from error frees,
Awakening ideal sympathies,
Uplifts the savage from his kindred sod;
Who shows him beauty speaks to him of God."

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

CLXXII.

ARS SERVATRIX.

(On Reading Wm. Morris' "Hopes and Fears for Art.")

WE grow less worthy as the years roll by;
Our common life is an incarnate wrong.
We fight where victory is to the strong,
Ill is our good, and low alone is high.
Gold is our god, and whoso hath can buy
The land, the lives, the honor of the throng;
No ancient pride doth to our age belong;
Aimless we live, and therefore hopeless die.

Come, rich-robed Mistress, hid so long a while!
We look for thee stern-visaged, as is meet,
For well we know thy service will be pain
Till we have much renounced. Then thou wilt smile,
And in thy smile a stately life and sweet
Will rise, and Labor bringing Beauty in its train.

HENRY NORMAN.

CLXXIII

I HAVE no secret but hard work.

J. W. M. TURNER.

CLXXIV.

MILLAIS' "HUGUENOTS."

(To H., playing one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words.")

YOUR fav'rite picture rises up before me,
Whene'er you play that tune;
I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned upwards,
Wild with great alarm;
Trembling with haste, she binds her broidered kerchief
About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love!" she murmurs; "you shall wear my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know;
And it will bear you safely through the conflict,
If — if, indeed, you go!

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my
kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why,
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I tell
you!
Indeed, I speak the truth.
You standing there, so warm with life and vigor,
So bright with health and youth;

"You would go hence out of the glowing sun-
shine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present
Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer, "Hush! O hush, my
darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be!

"If such a thing might be!—but not through
falsehood,
I could not come to you;
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet
presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

. . . . . .

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright
summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of love and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

"But you 'll forgive me? Yes, you will forgive
me,
I know, when I am dead!
I would have loved you, — but words have scant
meaning;
God loved you more instead!"

Then there in silence in the sunny garden,
Until, with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,
"Forgive me — go — my own!"

So human love, and death by faith unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

ANONYMOUS.

CLXXV.

THE true work of art is but a shadow of the Divine perfection.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

CLXXVI.

NATURE is God's, Art is man's instrument.

SIR T. OVERBURY.

CLXXVII.

OLD AND NEW ART.

(Saint Luke the Painter.)

GIVE honor unto Luke Evangelist;
For he it was (the ancient legends say)
Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.
Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
Of devious symbols: but soon having wist
How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
Are symbols also in some deeper way;
She looked through these to God and was God's priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
And she sought talismans, and turned in vain
To soulless self-reflections of man's skill, —
Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
Ere the night cometh and she may not work.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

CLXXVIII.

LET any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet if the lip have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor — unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose — may

as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For, indeed we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines, which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty, — that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist.

SIDNEY LANIER.

(*From "Poems of Lanier." Copyright*, 1884, 1891, *by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

CLXXIX.

EPITAPH ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

(In Westminster Abbey, 1723.)

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatched from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crowned with princes' honors, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ALEXANDER POPE.

CLXXX.

PICTURES.

A LURID sunset, red as blood,
Firing a sombre, haunted wood;
And from the shadows, dark and fell,
One hurrying with the face of Hell.

Two at a banquet board alone,
In dalliance, the feast being done.
And one behind the arras stands,
Grasping an axe with quivering hands.

A high cliff-meadow lush with Spring;
Gay butterflies upon the wing;
Beneath, beyond, unbounded, free,
The foam-flecked, blue, pervading sea.

A clustering hill-town, climbing white
From the gray olives up the height,
And on the inland summits high
Thin waters split as from the sky.

A rain-swept moor at shut of day,
And by the dead unhappy way
A lonely child untended lies:
Against the West a wretch who flies.

Cold dawn, which flouts the abandoned hall
And one worn face, which loathes it all;
In his ringed hand a vial, while
The gray lips wear a ghastly smile.

Corinthian pillars fine, which stand
In moonlight on a desert sand;
Others o'erthrown, in whose dark shade
Some fire-eyed brute its lair has made.

Mountainous clouds embattled high
Around a dark blue lake of sky;
And from its clear depths, shining far,
The calm eye of the evening star.

A moonlight checkered avenue;
Above, a starlit glimpse of blue:
Amid the shadows spread between,
The gray ghost of a woman seen.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

CLXXXI.

WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I THOUGHT to win me a name
  Should ring in the ear of the world!—
How can I work with small pink fists
  About my fingers curled?

Then adieu to name and fame!
  They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth
  With its lips against my breast.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

CLXXXII.

PAINTING is thought conveyed to canvas.

APELLES.

CLXXXIII.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

When those brave Swiss in fine obedience fell,
Heroically heedful of their trust,
Art pondered by what new great means to tell
Her reverence for their consecrated dust,
Until at last, bewildered and dismayed,
To mightier Nature she appealed for aid!

Then these two blended powers, together grown
One glorious mourner, eloquent though stern,
Created from the mountain's living stone,
This grand memorial, Lion of Lucerne,
Where Art and Nature, towering side by side,
For once are monumentally allied!

Edgar Fawcett.

CLXXXIV.

Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the *heart* of man go together. Recollect this triple group; it will help you to solve many difficult problems.

John Ruskin.

CLXXXV.

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.

Seneca.

CLXXXVI.

A PORTRAIT BY BURNE-JONES.

THE shadows fold her 'round
And sink profound
Into intense blackness of background,
Against which, lily white,
Pure as a sun's ray, she springs to light.

And she sits there, still, so still
That I can hear the far-off call of thrushes
On summer mornings from the hawthorn bushes
Or orchards full of mellow sound.
Thus I fill
Another canvas with tall trees abloom,
And the chaste blue of English skies
Over an English home.

As clear streams,
Untroubled to their sweet depths, are her eyes.
What warm surprise
Will make her red who pale
Now reads life to a limit, and there stops?
One shall part the veil;
And open vistas of fair years to be,
And little forms that cling about the knee
Shall steal, dear guests, unlooked for, silently
Into the virgin spirit of her dreams.

MARIE VAN VORST.

CLXXXVII.

"ANGELO, THOU ART THE MASTER."

I.

ANGELO, thou art the master; for thou in thy art
Compassed the body, the soul; the form and the heart.
Knew where the roots of the spirit are buried and twined,
The springs and the rocks that shall suckle, — and torture and bind.
Large was thy soul like the soul of a god that creates —
Converse it held with the stars and the imminent Fates.
Knewest thou — Art is but Beauty perceived and expressed,
And the pang of that Beauty had entered and melted thy breast.
Here by thy Slave, again, after long years do I bow, —
Angelo, thou art the master, yea, thou, and but thou.

Here is the crown of all beauty that lives in the world;
Spirit and flesh breathing forth from these lips that are curled
With sweetness and sorrow as never, oh, never before,
And from eyes that are heavy with light, and shall weep nevermore;

And lo, at the base of the statue, that monster of shape —
Thorn of the blossom of life, mocking face of the ape.
So cometh morn from the shadow and murk of the night;
From pain springeth joy, and from flame the keen beauty of light.

II.

Beauty, — oh, well for the hearts that bow down and adore her:
Heart of mine, hold thou in all the world nothing before her.
All the fair universe now to her feet that is clinging
Out of the womb of her leaped with the dawn, and the singing
Of stars. O thou Beautiful! — thee do I worship and praise
In the dark where thy lamps are; again in thy glory of days,
Whose end and beginning thou blessest with piercing delight
Of splendors outspread on the edge of the robe of the night.

Ah, that sweetness is sent not to him whose dull spirit would rest
In the bliss of it; no, not the goal, but the passion and quest;

Not the vale, but the desert. Oh, never soft airs shall awaken
Thy soul to the soul of all Beauty, all heaven, and all wonder;
The summons that comes to thee, mortal, thy spirit to waken,
Shall be the loud clarion's call and the voices of thunder.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CLXXXVIII.

MADONNA.

How well we know them — I and you —
This pair so fond, so blest;
The Mother, in her gown of blue,
The child upon her breast!

Close to her heart she holds Him there
(Our mothers held us so),
This woman in her carved chair,
And will not let Him go.

We stagger on through the year's din,
From green leaf unto sear;
But when the Christmas bells begin
To clang their ancient cheer,

No more we think of cares and harms,
Our Christ a man of woe;
We put Him in His mother's arms,
And will not let Him go!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

CLXXXIX.

ON A SURF-ROLLED TORSO OF VENUS.

(Found at Tripoli Vecchio, and now in the Louvre.)

ONE day in the world's youth, long, long ago,
Before the golden hair of Time grew gray,
The bright warm sea, scarce stirred by the dolphin's play,
Was swept by sudden music soft and low;
And rippling, as 'neath kisses, parted slow,
And gave a snowy, dripping goddess birth,
Fairer than fairest daughters of the earth;
Who brought fresh life to all men here below.

And, lo, that self-same sea has now upthrown
A mutilated Venus, rolled and rolled
For ages by the surf, and that has grown
More soft, more chaste, more lovely than of old,
With every line toned down, so that the stone
Seems seen as through a veil which ages hold.

E. LEE HAMILTON.

CXC.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

FAIR Portia's counterfeit? What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar

Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made
one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both
his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXCI.

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS.

(A Picture by Rembrandt.)

WISE Rembrandt! thou couldst paint, and thou
alone,
Eyes that had seen what never human eyes
Before had looked on; him that late had passed
Onward and back through gates of Death and
Life.

O human face where the celestial gleam
Lingers! Oh, still to thee the eyes of men
Turn with deep, questioning worship; seeing
there,
As in a mirror, the Eternal Light
Caught from the shining of the central Soul
Whence came all worlds and whither shall
return.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CXCII.

ART AND LOVE.

He faced his canvas (as a seer whose ken
Pierces the crust of this existence through)
And smiled beyond on that his genius knew
Ere mated with his being. Conscious then
Of his high theme alone, he smiled again
Straight back upon himself in many a hue,
And tint, and light, and shade, which slowly grew
Enfeatured of a fair girl's face, as when
First time she smiles for love's sake with no fear.
So wrought he, witless that behind him leant
A woman, with old features, dim and sere,
And glamoured eyes that felt the brimming tear,
And with a voice, like some sad instrument,
That sighing said, "I 'm dead there; love me here!"

J. W. Riley.

(*From "Afterwhiles," The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

CXCIII.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

Henry Ward Beecher.

CXCIV.

A bad painter caricatures himself.

Wouvermans.

CXCV.

HAVE faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CXCVI.

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

"THE end shall crown the work" —
Ah, who shall tell the end!
It is a woesome way,
And clouds portend.

The work is all we know —
Enough for our faint sight.
The end God knows. Press on
The crown — is light.

R. R. BOWKER.

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